



SATURDAY NIGHT.

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THE FRONT PAGE

PEOPLE on the outside must be quite mystified by recent developments in connection with Toronto's Niagara power plans. It must be difficult for a reader of the newspapers, living at a distance, to make head or tail of the situation, and if he professes to understand it, he is, probably, further from the mark than his neighbor who admits that he is all at sea. Were it solely a Toronto affair it might possess little interest for the readers of this page who reside at a distance, but in some of its aspects it has an interest that is universal, and on these points some observations may be made.

Niagara has vast power. Toronto needs a lot of it. Big money could be made by selling power at a profit to the users of it in this city. On the other hand, a big boost could be given this city if electric energy could be secured at a cheap price.

There ensued a struggle between the Few and the Many. The struggle was for possession of a good thing. The Many went to the Legislature and asked permission to transmit electric energy from Niagara and distribute it in Toronto, but met with a refusal. The Few went to the Legislature later on and asked permission to generate electric energy at Niagara, and transmit and distribute it in Toronto, and permission was granted. Some millions of dollars were expended by the Few in this enterprise, and as the work progressed they announced that they would not be able to sell power at any noticeable reduction on former prices. This excited the Many. They thought they were getting a cold deal, and they thought they knew a cold deal when they saw one, for they had got a good many of them. They decided to fight. Hon. Adam Beck took the lead. He appears to have received from the Whitney Government some such assurance as this: "Go in; we'll back you if you win, but not if you lose." Being an optimist Mr. Beck seems to have considered these terms generous, and in he went. The Hydro-Electric Commission was formed by the government, with Mr. Beck at the head of it, and the Many behind it, and the proposal was that power should be bought at Niagara—at the pit-mouth, so to speak—and transmitted over the commission's wires to such municipalities as would buy and distribute it. The idea was that a good price should be paid for power to the companies which had spent large sums on generating plants at the Falls, but that the work of transmission and distribution should be done at cost. In other words the idea was that the Few should take out of the Many one profit, not three and then some.

To this the Few would not agree. In attempting to bring about this the Many were, as usual, so tediously slow that it was difficult to see that any progress was being made. Whenever there is a pitched battle between the Few and the Many, the former do all the shooting and the latter all the shouting. The latter, with splendid bravery, sustain all the casualties, and learn at dusk the purpose of the manoeuvre of the enemy which was begun at dawn. The Few did not intend to grind out power down a shaft at Niagara, bring it to the surface and hand it over to the Many at the pit-mouth. They made a contract with the Toronto Electric Light Company for a term of years to supply electric energy at a certain price; they bound themselves to sell to no other company; they bound the company to buy from no other source. This was effective shooting. When the smoke cleared it began to be perceived that there was little use, on the part of the Many, in expropriating either the Electric Light Company or the Electrical Development Company. The part that was left would answer the purposes of the Few all right.

When the Few want to determine upon a plan of action two or three men gather about a table and arrive at conclusions. When the Many have to adopt a plan of campaign it is necessary to bring into agreement such a multitude as would fill Massey Hall. So the small and mobile forces of the capitalists made their move and took up the position they now hold on a rocky bluff under the banner of William Mackenzie. It may be only a rocky bluff, but it is a hard position from which to drive them. The Many have gained little; the Few have lost little that the slump in the money market would not have cost them in any event. William Mackenzie is, perhaps, less a capitalist in this matter than a symbol of united capitalism. He represents a hands-all-round arrangement between the Electrical Development Company, the Electric Light Company, the Street Railway Company, and the suburban railways, and all the lean-to's and annexes of these organizations. Against this combination, if there is to be a rival transmission, distribution and sale of power, it will be necessary to go to a big expense and sell power very cheap.

Apparently the Many must buy out everything or nothing. To accomplish anything it seems to be necessary to own everything connected with power—generation, transmission, distribution.

LAST week a large convention of newspapermen was held in Toronto and many questions of importance to the press and the public were discussed. Resolutions were adopted urging the Canadian Government to conserve the pulp-wood resources of the country; approving of the retention by the Postal Department at Ottawa of the right to maintain its own classification of second-class mail matter entering Canada from the United States; favoring the continuance of the annual subsidy towards the Canadian Associated Press cable service from Great Britain; urging amendments to the libel laws, and dealing with several other important subjects.

Perhaps the most important outcome of the convention, however, was the making of an arrangement for a meeting in Ottawa in June of representatives of press organizations throughout Canada, with a view to forming a Dominion Press Council or some such national body. There is probably no other class of men in the country who, by getting together, could do more to promote the political, business and social unity of the Dominion than could the editors of the newspapers. Should the foremost editorial writers of Ontario and Quebec form the habit of meeting together to discuss subjects of common inter-

est, there would quickly ensue a better understanding between these provinces. The first time I met the late Hon. J. Israel Tarte was in his office, as Minister of Public Works, and I can picture him yet as he sat back in his chair holding in his hand a clipping from a Toronto paper which purported to be a translation of an article Mr. Tarte had written in La Patrie. It was, he said, a translation which had entirely lost the sense of the original. "How can we hope," he demanded, "to bring the two provinces into political harmony when the editors of the great journals of Ontario are unable to read the great journals of Quebec? Our province will remain a closed book to your province until your editors can read our papers." When I ventured the remark that many editors in Ontario could read French although they spoke it badly, he replied that too few of them could either speak or read it, even badly. During the past week I have been thrown much in contact with Mr. L. J. Tarte, son of the founder of La Patrie, whose political career was so stormy, and almost the same ideas were expressed by him. In his own journal, not long ago, sentiments were expressed, which happening to be translated into one Ontario paper, won widespread approval, as though of an extraordinary

so often assumed by those who had little if any claim to it and was so brazenly flourished in public view, that those rightly entitled to so describe themselves fell back in self-defence on the use of the term "newspaperman." Like all second choices it is inferior to the first, yet it serves its purpose, distinguishing as it does, the genuine from the spurious, for the man who, on some flimsy excuse may call himself a journalist, may be unable to claim that he is a newspaperman. In all crafts men are jealous of intruders. However, one name is as good as another for ordinary purposes, but it may be noted that the chance that has taken place in recent years goes deeper than the name. When journalists were called journalists, they were of the writing fraternity; they were scribes, quill-drivers, pencil-pushers. The editing of the paper was the chief concern of those connected with it. Nowadays, in the headquarters staff of a great daily the business office staff outnumber the writers. The term "journalist" used to signify a writer for the public journals; the term "newspaperman" does not, or presently will not, suggest that at all, for it covers a rapidly increasing army of business men who have little in common with writers. An old lady in Toronto, on being informed that

No doubt it is true that one newspaper in New York with a large circulation in Canada and a natural desire to get more, could pay a larger lump sum for the exclusive right to publish these articles than any one journal in Canada could afford to pay. These particular articles would possess a peculiar value to an outside journal anxious to overshadow the press of the country. But it would be interesting to know at what figure Mr. Kipling sold his "Letters to the Family" to an outside publisher—or at what figure his agents sold these letters for him. An attempt was made by a Montreal firm to sell these letters for simultaneous publication in a chain of papers in various cities across Canada. SATURDAY NIGHT received this offer, and wired acceptance within the hour, but received a reply saying that a Toronto daily had got a telegram in ahead of ours, and would publish the series. But that deal is off, and it would be interesting to know why it is off. Are we to assume that not a sufficient number of newspapers "in the family" accepted the offer of the Kipling letters at the price quoted? In that case one would suppose that those who had wired acceptance would have been apprized of the fact that the deal had fallen through. It might have been expected that some new offer would have been made to these willing customers. But so far as SATURDAY NIGHT can judge from its own experience, the newspapers of Canada got no fair show at all to secure the Kipling letters. Even if Mr. Kipling cared for nothing but the "long green" in disposing of these articles, he, or his agents, should not have concealed the fact that the goods would be sold to the highest bidder. Instead, Canadian editors were offered the articles at a stated price, accepted them, but didn't get them. Perhaps Mr. Kipling will write a letter to the family explaining why.



A SPRING EFFUSION EN PASSANT

JIM CROW:

You rube down there who thinks 'tis Spring,
For seeing us upon the wing,
Last summer took a shot at me;
"Something to crow about," said he.

MRS. JIM:

My dear! a pun like that is wrong.
Man's views on such like things are strong;
That crows steal corn is a tradition
He had just caws for his suspicion.

nature, while these sentiments are, in fact, entertained by nearly all persons in Quebec and long have been. There was nothing unusual about the article except that it had been translated into English and read in Ontario. The journalists of Quebec read our papers; as a rule we do not read theirs. The loss is ours, and the disadvantage is a serious one.

The Vancouver Province begins to rank as one of the best daily newspapers in Canada—the standard of the Coast newspapers is rising more rapidly, perhaps, than that of the press in any other part of the Dominion. All over the wheat and cattle country weeklies are being started which quickly grow into enterprising dailies. Perhaps no one thing could knit the East and the West more surely into one than an intimacy of relation between those East and West who express current opinion; leading, almost at once, to an ample interchange of telegraphic news. While Canada remains young her character will take form. In miles Calgary is a long way from Toronto, and Vancouver from Winnipeg. If this country, while young, gets into the way of regarding distance as an insuperable obstacle to intimacy of relation, or community of interest, time will not shrink those miles nor will increase of population reduce that obstacle. At the present stage of development the press in the West desires and needs the co-operation of the press in the East in connection with the dissemination of telegraphic news and other matters; but both the desire and the need will diminish as time goes on, if unresponded to. This is equally true of other intimacies and inter-relations that might be effected in the country's youth between Old Canada and the New. This is the growing time, but if we would grow anything worth while we should plant.

WHEN a public man addresses a gathering of newspaper writers he is often at a loss to understand why they repudiate the term "journalists." It may be well to explain this point. The title of "journalist" was

a neighbor was a newspaperman, inferred that he was a man who made his living by selling papers, and some days later remarked upon the change in the times which allowed a family to live so pretentiously on such a means of support. Those men, therefore, devoted to the art of writing for the public prints; dedicated informally to the public service; foregoing, like the poet and the painter, opportunities to seek wealth in the scramble of business—may seek far before finding a better name for themselves than "journalists."

RUDYARD KIPLING has enjoyed the reputation of being a good business man as well as poet, fictionist and center of Empire. It has always been said of him that he could not only write a good story but market it well. In addition to his literary genius he has displayed the gifts of the business man. A few months ago he made a hurried trip across Canada, and wherever he paused in his travels was received with open arms. It has fallen to the lot of few private citizens to be so warmly welcomed in this or any country. At the conclusion of his tour it was announced that Mr. Kipling would write a series of articles about Canada for simultaneous publication in this country and England, to be entitled "Letters to the Family." Advertisements are appearing in the Toronto dailies this week announcing that this series of articles by Kipling are to be published simultaneously in a daily paper in London, Eng., and in a New York weekly which circulates largely in Canada. As the London daily will be a week behind time in reaching this country the effect of this disposition of the Kipling letters is that Canada has been sold en bloc to the New York periodical. These letters to the family will reach their destination through the kindness of neighbors.

As the matter stands, there may seem to be a reproach to the Canadian press in the fact that Mr. Kipling addresses the Canadian public through a New York periodical and through no journal published in the Dominion.

WE have a letter from Mr. W. J. Fenton, relating to the forced sale of a patent announced to take place at the office of Sheriff Mowat in Toronto, on Thursday, March 19, at noon. The patent is that owned by the Dominion Fence Company, and is represented as a valuable one. Without going into the question of the fight that has taken place between this Canadian company and its powerful United States rival the request of the representative of the Canadian company that the newspapers should give publicity to this forced sale of the patent at the sheriff's office at noon on Thursday, March 19, appears to be a reasonable one. If the patent is a valuable one it should not be sold for a song in the presence of a few persons. Capitalists and manufacturers should look into this case in advance and see whether they desire to take a hand in the bidding. MACK.

SINCE his appointment as President of the University of Toronto, Dr. Falconer has been a speaker at many representative gatherings in the city. On such occasions he has not come tardily from his study, a shrinking figure ill at ease among men, to perform a reluctant task; nor has he come to weary active minds with profound or dictatorial academic utterances. From his first public appearance here after assuming his most important duties as head of Ontario's great seat of learning, Dr. Falconer has been marked as a man among men—a man qualified to light us on our way toward higher ideals and practices of citizenship because he is himself a citizen of the highest type, large moulded, balanced, and urbane. And not later than this week a gentleman of discernment in Toronto said: "I have yet failed to be present at a dinner during the past year at which President Falconer, if he was a speaker, did not make the best speech of the evening."

Last Thursday night Dr. Falconer was a guest and speaker at the banquet of the Canadian Press Association. He did not proffer felicitous but empty words of praise to the newspapermen gathered there from all parts of the Dominion, nor did he offer them indigestible and impractical advice. His speech was admonitory, but it was so well conceived, so plain-spoken and sincere, that it made a deep impression on the pressmen, and set them all to thinking. Dr. Falconer pointed out that the day for the acceptance by the public of arbitrary expressions of opinion by the press has passed, or, at all events, is quickly passing. He referred to the spread of education among the people, and emphasized the fact that thousands of graduates now go out yearly from the universities to raise enormously the level of public intelligence and thought. Judgment and discrimination are greatly on the increase. Unsupported assertion and prejudiced argument are no longer potent. For the future, newspaper opinion will be influential only to the extent of the light and logic with which it is advanced. Such was Dr. Falconer's admonition, and he gave it as his opinion that if the press of the future is to fulfil its mission, the journalist of the future must have a disciplined mind, a broad, sane outlook, large sense of responsibility, and ripe judgment—qualities acquired most readily and surely through a course at college.

DR. FALCONER'S pointed address was singularly well-timed, and that it had its effect is an additional proof that the President's personality is strong and winning, for, coming from almost any other of our learned professors, remarks on such a subject would have seemed merely perfunctory and academic to an assemblage of newspapermen. Canadian journalism must soon adopt—is adopting—a more judicial, urbane attitude, and a more cultivated tone of voice. Many men in the profession are inclined to flout the term "journalist." They prefer being called newspapermen, and will tell you that a "journalist" is a nondescript hanger-on of the craft or a freelance writer who could not "hold a job" on a newspaper. But the day seems to be at hand when the name will not be held in derision by those who are justly entitled to it. The class of men who write for the daily and weekly papers of Canada is growing large, and this class—the journalists—have large responsibilities; large to-day, but larger to-morrow. The future influence of the press depends upon them, and the point that Dr. Falconer made in his talk to the pressmen last Thursday night was that the journalist of the future must be something more than a "newspaperman." The truly influential journal of today is the one which with a full sense of responsibility

seeks to stimulate its readers to sane, independent thought; and as time goes on this must become the general tendency of the press. This tendency will force the journalistic class of to-morrow to be better equipped than the journalistic class of to-day. Those who compose it must be something more than brisk newspapermen, expert jugglers with words and phrases. They will not exhibit more smartness than is compatible with reason and judgment, and they will cherish an ever-increasing pride in their profession, based largely upon a full realization of its responsibilities.

VERY interesting and timely is an article in The Argonaut, of San Francisco, on "The Temperance Movement Up to Date." The Argonaut believes that prohibition is "wrong in principle and futile as an expedient," and favors a movement now on foot in San Francisco to increase the liquor license fee. But special interest attaches to The Argonaut's article for the reason that it proceeds, after the leisurely and judicial manner of that journal, to contrast the temperance movement of to-day with that of an earlier time. It points out that drinking to excess is no longer fashionable, but a disgrace, and that higher standards of conduct have been established for young men than formerly existed. College athletics have done much to set up such standards, and a story is told by The Argonaut to illustrate the point. A boy who had been away at college for two years went home last summer on his vacation, and as he had grown to manhood in his absence, his family had to make his acquaintance all over again. His father observed that he took no wine at dinner, and he began to feel a touch of anxiety when the boy also refused a cigar. As he afterward expressed it, he feared that his son had become a mollycoddle. When, however, the collegian arose at nine o'clock and announced that he was off to bed, there was a very significant question in the father's eye. But the boy explained. He was saving himself, making the most of himself, because he was to be "on the team" next year, and wanted to make good. That boy's sobriety, resulting not from any narrow rule, but from a resolve to live a clean, temperate life because it was good for him, is the kind of sobriety that makes real men.

In the old days the temperance society was, like the singing school, an institution in every rural community, and travelling temperance lecturers formed a professional class of their own. These men, most of whom were cut after the pattern of the chiefest of them all, John B. Gough, were of a type which is not now considered admirable. They were uncultivated, uneducated persons, whose horizon could be scraped with a ten-foot pole, and whose business was to indulge in very intemperate language and platform buffooneries. Most of them were reformed drunkards and tough characters, and they fairly revelled in relating stories of their own former excesses. When people lived narrow, isolated lives, these lecturers brought diversion to rural communities, and perhaps some good. The village and side-line temperance society took the place of the modern club or debating society, and also in its day served a useful purpose. At that time in Ontario many staunch old pioneers sought to inculcate "temperance" in their children in odd ways—for example, by refusing to allow them to indulge in pickles lest they might, from the vinegar imbued, acquire a taste for strong drink. Some of us in this generation have known such men, after they had outgrown these narrow views, and who were even unwilling to believe the testimony of their grown-up children, that they were ever so narrow.

The old idea of temperance reform was a relic of barbarism. It is idle and ridiculous to attempt in this day and generation to drag men in chains along the path of virtue. Virtue no longer runs in a secluded path; it takes the broad road everywhere. The best men of the day do not want their sons to be mollycoddles. They do not want them to live by negative standards of conduct. They want them to develop a strength of character which will enable them to go anywhere and everywhere, mix with all kinds of men, and enjoy the pleasures of the world, without ever acting in a way that ill-becomes a man and a gentleman.

A LARGE party of newspapermen, members of the Canadian Press Association who were in Toronto to attend the annual convention of that body, went to Guelph last Saturday and inspected the Ontario Agricultural College and Experimental Farm. It is a great institution, and, although its fame has gone pretty well round the world, the work that is being done there by President Creelman and his efficient and enthusiastic staff is not yet as well understood or appreciated as it ought to be—in the cities of the province at all events. All branches of agriculture are studied and practised there; every sort of work that is done or ought to be done on the farm, in field, barn, stable, or home, is scientifically investigated, demonstrated, and taught by the best instructors obtainable. Over all, with an eye on everything, stands President George C. Creelman, big, strong and tremendously energetic, as fine a type of the up-to-date, clean-cut, efficient young Canadian as one would wish to see. George Creelman dresses well, looks well, talks well, and thinks well. We read a good deal in the American press about "human dynamos." George Creelman is a human dynamo, but he is not the sort they make across the border—the Yankee reporter doesn't often get the chance to talk about such a one. The human dynamos we hear most about are tin-souled money-grabbers—wolves masquerading as lions, whose energy, all of it, is devoted to goading their well-trained jackal underlings to seek increasing prey. George Creelman first spent his energies in making a man of himself, and now he spends them injecting life and vigor and character into everybody and everything around the Ontario Agricultural College and Farm at Guelph, of which the province is extremely proud.

To the journalist who hasn't seen the "Model Farm," as it is used to be called, since the day when as a boy he and a companion, pooling their savings, went to Guelph on a Farmers' Institute excursion, had the time of their lives eating prize cheese in unlimited quantities, and incidentally met with a sophisticated world-touch by being "done" on the return trip by a slick stranger on the train, who had attractive picture-cards to sell, and who disappeared at a junction point—to such a journalist, a visit to the Agricultural College to-day is an experience worth while. Then there were only the old main building and two or three less pretentious ones. Now he is lost in a maze of handsome structures. Then the aims and achievements of the college were modest. Now it is a college no longer; it is an agricultural university—a collection of fine colleges. During the winter a large number of boys from the farms of the province are in attendance, and older men take short courses in various branches. In summer, when few students are in attendance, the experimental work is carried on. The boys are taught agriculture, horticulture, stock-raising, dairying, etc., and the courses



include primary studies in chemistry, botany, entomology, etc. At the Macdonald Hall and Institute—the special pride of the place—live and work the girl students, who come from country and town to study and practise domestic science.

THE work done at the College in the interest of agriculture cannot well be briefly told; it is too immense for that. But a word regarding the achievements of Prof. C. A. Zavitz, the grain expert, will strike the keynote, as it were, of the general achievement. Mr. Zavitz is constantly on the lookout for new and improved crop varieties. If he cannot find just what he wants, he makes it. By crossing certain varieties of wheat, barley and other grains—an explanation of which delicate and ingenious process would astonish thousands of Ontario citizens—he has, by patient work and observation extending over many years, given the farmers of the province a number of new varieties which have largely increased individual production. In this and in many other ways by experiment, teaching and inspiration, the College every year increases very largely the value of the agricultural products of the province. Thousands of students are being graduated there as new-method farmers, and many older agriculturists have learned many things through the co-operative experiment system and through "getting the idea" of up-to-date farming by coming into touch with the men at Guelph who are working to revolutionize the farmer's calling. As President Creelman put it, in one of his terse explanatory speeches to the pressmen, it is the aim of the College, by teaching a boy the principles of scientific farming, by making him practise it, and by giving him a practical course in manual training, to turn him out a resourceful, capable farmer, one who will not have to drive ten miles for a carpenter or a machine agent every time some trifling repair is needed. Statistics are to be obtained showing some of the results of the work done by this fine institution, but figures are needless things. A visit to the place is needed to understand what is being accomplished there.

The most delightful part of the interesting and profitable day spent by the newspapermen at Guelph was that given to visiting the Macdonald Hall and Macdonald Institute, over which Miss Watson capably and graciously presides. There they were entertained at luncheon by the young lady students, who served a dainty and perfectly-cooked meal in their own inimitable way. The big dining-room was filled, yet these bright-faced girls served so quietly and deftly that the fairies might have envied them their skill. What a country this would be if every home were presided over by a Macdonald girl! If there were enough of them to go round we should all gladly go "back to the land" to-morrow! If the Agricultural College boys are the equal of the Macdonald girls—and we trust they are—what days are in store for rural Ontario!

One cannot be the guest of President Creelman at Guelph without being filled with hopefulness that the old farm drudgery, the old dull farm life must give way to a new order of things. As one leaves he conjures up a picture of the farm of the future. Everything about it tells of orderliness and system. The very hang of the gate proclaims the fact that life there is full of interest and meaning, and not a mere monotonous existence. In the house there is a piano and a telephone and books and good cheer; and the high priestess of the home, perhaps in a pretty blue and white dress, radiates over all the pleasant, wholesome atmosphere of old Macdonald Hall.

THOSE who write about the future of Canada—and many are so engaged at present—generally fall to summing up the country's resources of land and mine, her fisheries and her wooded wealth, and to speculating as to her political outlook. But what of her men? What sort of race are we coming to be? No natural wealth will make us great, unless we breed strong hands, white hearts and ready brains to work and foster what is ours, to hold the ship of state to a straight, safe course, and to nurture constantly the growth of character and the civilizing influences without which there can be no reality of nationhood. Fortunately, wherever one might happen to begin the search, he would not have to look long in Canada for good men. The names of two who have just been mentioned on this page, come naturally to mind—Dr. R. A. Falconer, President of the University of Toronto, and George C. Creelman, President of the Ontario Agricultural College. A country that can produce two such men—such types—does not need to fear for the future.

HAL.

THE many friends in Toronto of Mr. Thomas G. Bright heard with surprise and regret of his death last week at his residence, 15 Ross street. The late Mr. Bright, with his wife, was spending the winter at Ocala, Florida, when he was taken down with the illness which proved fatal shortly after his return home. He was a well-known and popular member of the Lambton Golf and Country Club and the Toronto Golf Club, while in lawn bowling and with rod and gun he had a wide circle of acquaintances. Although those who knew him in his amusements never heard him mention business the late Mr. Bright was a very successful business man and left a considerable estate. "Throughout his career," says one who knew him well, "his word was his bond."

A Song for March.

WHO sings of March must sing the mad,
Lone man-at-arms, the straggler clad
In motley white and brown,
Who in the wake of winter's flight,
Turns now to caper, now to fight,
Half hector and half clown.
One moment from a cloud-capped hill
He blares his slogan, wild and shrill;
The next, with gusty laughter,
Outsteps the sunbeams as they dance,
And leers and flouts with backward glance
The maid who follows after.
O! sing the maid,
The light-heart maid
Who follows, follows after.

He flees her down the lengthening days;
She follows him through woodland ways,
O'er hills and vales between,
And sets for mark of victory
On every bush and hedge and tree
Her flag of tender green;
And when her breath hath spiced the night
With promise of the warm delight
Of young June's love and laughter,
No other song may true hearts sing
But "Speed thy passing, March, and bring
The maid who follows after;
The light-heart maid,
The lily maid,
Who follows, follows after."

—T. A. DALY, in The Catholic Standard and Times.

T. P. O'CONNOR is at his best in writing about the British Parliament and the men of which it is composed. Referring to a recent sitting of the House of Commons, he says: C.-B. still looks pale and worn, and his voice does not sound as strong as one could wish; but Mr. Balfour—just returned from Brighton and an attack of influenza—was, on the other hand, in excellent form, and made a very ingenious and adroit speech. But then, again, in his case, also, there was the same phenomenon. The House was silent, listless, despondent. Just now and then, and at long intervals, there was a rousing cheer when the Tory chief made some good point, but, as a rule, there was the same cool reception as when C.-B. was speaking. Mr. Asquith has a power of raising more spirit in the House of Commons than either C.-B. or Mr. Balfour. His oratory always gives one the impression of a repetition of fierce, sledge-hammer blows going right home, and this tends to rouse the temperature of the assembly. But though Mr. Asquith did not manage to excite a round or two of cheers from his own side, he also revealed the true modern spirit. His reply on this tremendous constitutional issue was kept within the narrow limits of just ten minutes! A Constitution in revolution, one of the most ancient and best-beloved in the world, and a ten-minute speech from the Deputy Leader of the House of Commons—here is something that marks how far we have emerged from one House of Commons epoch into another!

A CORRESPONDENT writes to say that Rev. Richard Hobbs, now of Toronto, was formerly stationed in Tilsonburg where he preached sermons against dancing and smoking, similar to those reported in the Toronto press. It is said that in one of his sermons in that town he declared that if he believed that the Saviour actually turned water into wine, he, the preacher, would have nothing more to do with Him. The preacher, it is said, offered the theory that the water pots referred to in the gospel were used for washing the feet of the guests and no doubt it was made to appear like wine. The zeal of Rev. Richard Hobbs may be admirable, but his judgment as a leader and teacher of men seems open to serious question.

THE Educational Department of Ontario has done well in issuing a circular requiring the practice of fire drills in all schools in the province over two stories in height, the provision of adequate exits and the installation of fire escapes. Mr. Bishop, superintendent of the Toronto schools, is of opinion that fire escapes are of little value where children are concerned. The kind of fire escapes which are put on buildings in Toronto appear to be designed to conform to a by-law rather than to be of such a nature as to be of service in emergency. They may look well enough from the street, but only a person accustomed to scaling heights would venture to descend one of these flimsy stairways. The use of a much more substantial structure should be insisted upon.

THE terrible loss of life in a public school fire in a suburb of Cleveland, notwithstanding the fact that the fire-drill system on which we place so much reliance was in use there, serves to remind us that perfection in drill can be regarded only as one aid to safety. The drill can prevent panic when there is an alarm and no immediate danger, but no expense should be spared in the effort to make our schools fireproof.

M. R. EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, who has been ill at his residence in Jarvis street for some time past, has, his friends will be pleased to know, sufficiently recovered to go to California, where it is expected he will soon regain his health. Letters received from Mr. Sheppard since reaching California report that he is already much improved.

MRS. WILLIAM J. BRYAN, who is visiting in Rome, is the object of much attention, even in Vatican circles. She was received by the Pope in private audience.



Handsome Gifts In BRASS, SILVER and CUT GLASS

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Says the New York Evening Post: A great many Russian novelties are played in New York, and occasionally an American piece finds its way on the programme, but English music is seldom heard here. The following, copied from the London Musical Times, may serve as a hint; it is time that we should hear something by Fritz Delius:

The music of Mr. Delius' orchestral "Rhapsody" on the old Lincolnshire folk song "Brigg Fair"—heard for the first time in England at Liverpool last month, with the composer as an interested listener—is not, as might be imagined, descriptive of the hurly-burly of a country fair. The composer idealizes love-scenes, thoughts, and moods, in music of tender and melancholy beauty. The old tune is a central text round which is woven and interwoven some remarkable polyphony, and if indefinite in plan, as the title infers, the movement is continuous and ever-varied in tone-color. By degrees the music leaves its reverie mood and becomes passionate and intense. A peal of bells is added to the surging tones of the orchestra, and a climax of constructive mastery is reached, before the scene begins gradually to fade away. There is no apparent striving for effect in this beautiful tone-picture, whose naturalness and sincerity of style are evident. The orchestration is as fanciful as Debussy's and as masterly as that of Strauss, although it differs from the methods of both composers.

She—But, Fred, dear, fancy coming in such shabby clothes when you are going to ask pa's consent. Fred—Ah, but, dearest, I once had a new suit ruined.—The Sketch.

THE INVESTOR

TORONTO

MONTREAL



Toronto, March 12.
A LITTLE better feeling is said to exist in local financial circles. Brokers are again advising purchases of stocks, some of them sending out financial literature in the hope of getting business. Since the Wall Street panic in October last, the speculative trade has been extremely dull and the investment demand has been insufficient to return a revenue equivalent to the necessary outlay of a well regulated broker's office. Of course, there are those in the business who have interests outside the commission exacted on stocks, but nevertheless it has been a quiet four to five months, and a change for the better will be greatly appreciated. We have in Toronto, exclusive of the offices of those having memberships on the local exchange, some seven or eight representatives of New York Stock Exchange houses. Where the business comes from to support their expensive offices and private wires is a conundrum. The principals no doubt are hoping on in expectation of making a killing. One good year in the brokerage business sometimes offsets the expenditures of two or three bad years. Thus, they are induced to keep in the game.

The Hepburn bill to be introduced into Congress at Washington, having for its aim the suppression of the gambling in stocks, has not done any injury to the market as yet. It proposes a tax of 50c. on \$100, which would be almost prohibitory. Canadian brokers having seats on the Toronto and Montreal Stock Exchanges, would not mind if such a law became a fact. They have an idea that many American securities, in the event of the Act becoming law, would be listed on the Canadian exchanges. In this way speculation would likely become very active here. Many inquiries have been made by Wall Street houses having representatives here, concerning Canadian Stock Exchange memberships and laws governing stock trading. Another story is that London will be the Mecca for the United States speculator. Messrs. J. P. Morgan, J. H. Schiff, James Stillman, A. Barton Hepburn, and other financiers, who are at present in London ostensibly on pleasure, are said to have gone to arrange for the transfer of Wall Street Stock Exchange business to the other side. London ought to confer the freedom of the city upon Statesman Hepburn, while Montreal and Toronto should do him similar honor. The transaction of business involving \$25,000,000 per annum means wealth for the city in which it is done, and these cities know this full well. Perhaps the New York Stock Exchange will call for bids for its business once the new law goes into effect, and the market may be transferred to the city offering the most attractive terms.

The market for railway bonds has been less active lately, but sales of municipal bonds have increased. Securities. Last month the municipal bonds floated in Canada amounted to about \$1,750,000. The shareholders of the Electrical Development Co. this week confirmed the action of the special meeting on February 26, when \$3,000,000 of preference stock was created. The old board was re-elected, and the same presiding officers were elected by it. Sir Henry M. Pellatt as president, Mr. Frederick Nicholls, first vice-president, and Mr. William Mackenzie, second vice-president. The annual statement has not yet been issued, but the president stated that "Our property is worth between seventeen and eighteen million dollars, including the right of way, and we have paid all our liabilities, including four hundred thousand dollars for the interest on the bonds, and at the end of our year we only have a deficiency of one hundred and sixty thousand dollars, which, in view of the difficulties which we have had to contend with, is very good. The contracts which we have made, and those now being negotiated for, will bring more revenue than is necessary to meet fixed charges."

Canadians appear to be taking more interest in the future of C.P.R., and this stock has had quite a good advance. The company is doing well compared with most railways on this continent. The capitalization per mile is relatively small, and the company is not hampered by a lack of money. Its securities always find a good market. The Sault Ste. Marie stocks, common and preferred, have also risen considerably of late. This road, which is controlled by the C.P.R., is doing a good business, and predictions of an increased dividend on the common shares are rife.

The Canadian General Electric Co., in view of the industrial conditions, have thought it prudent to reduce dividends from 2½ per cent. quarterly, to 1½ per cent., or at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum. There have been wide fluctuations in the price of the common stock for several years. It ruled at 103 to 89½ this year, in 1907 the range was 136½ to 77½, and in 1906 from 155 to 130.

During the past two years SATURDAY NIGHT has had much to say on the question of pulp-wood. Canada's Great Chance. The United States is approaching a period of paper famine. The immense forests of that country are falling so rapidly that the end is in sight. By means of a tariff policy the Republic has refused our lumber while accepting our pulp-logs; refused our pulp while accepting our pulp-wood; presently our paper will be refused, while our pulp will be admitted. It has appeared to us that the time must have arrived when Canada should no longer preserve a passive attitude and allow Washington to give nothing and take what she wants in her international relations with us. Self-interest of the frankest kind has been practiced by our neighbors. They have made no secret of their determination not to spend a dollar with us if it could be spent at home. They have used no hypocrisy. We are now in the position where we can draw the paper manufacturing industry of the continent into Canada—or we can sell our forests at so much per square mile, and see the wood stripped off and shipped out of the country.

There are two things to do, and one of these, all sensible persons will agree upon. As to the other there will be difference of opinion. That which seems to be indisputably necessary is the adoption of a system of forestry which will save our forests from the almost total destruction that has overtaken those of the United States. A very large staff of officials may be necessary in this work, but the service will be worth all its costs.

The other thing to be done—and some will oppose it because of hereditary timidity in dealing with the neighboring republic—is to put an export duty on pulp and

pulpwood, and cause the manufacture of paper from our raw materials to be done within our own borders.

At its annual meeting last week the Canadian Press Association passed a strong resolution urging the Dominion Government to guard the pulp-wood resources of the country, which are of great and increasing value. The Globe put out a special issue a fortnight ago containing many articles showing the present position of this continent in regard to pulp-wood, and Canada's great advantages. In an excellent speech in Parliament, Mr. E. N. Lewis, of Huron, urged the Government to avail themselves of the opportunity of making Canada's position secure for the future in regard to the raw materials of paper. He gave the newspapers a well deserved pat on the back with one hand and an equally well deserved cuff in the ear with his other. "The newspaper press," he said, "is the great dominant and practically irresistible force in all great questions. The corporations realize this, and hundreds of thousands of dollars are spent annually in promoting the corporation side of questions which affect them: railways, telephone companies, insurance companies, mining companies, fill to overflowing the advertising space of our prominent daily papers in the United States and Canada, and I ask, at whose expense? It is naturally so, human nature is human nature, and papers must live, but again I ask, Mr. Speaker, who pays for the full page advertisements of those fine mining allurements 'The Golden Dog' or the 'Silver Fox' in which half the produce of the stock goes to the promoters and half to the newspapers. The development frequently goes minus and the shareholders ditto. But, Mr. Speaker, I am glad to say that I have a subject now, a live subject and a vital one in which I feel sure the press will use its great influence solely on the side of the people, partly because it is the right side, and partly because there is no other great question in which the press is so closely interested as the pulpwood question."

It is true that our newspapers accept mining and land boom advertising which some of us believe should be refused publication in journals which claim to be and desire to remain reputable. Much of this advertising is published solely with the object of getting money from the unwary, and no real probability exists of making the ventures successful to the investors—although profitable enough to the promoters and to the press. It is, therefore, bound to be in the end destructive of the influence of the press. But many of our public journals are beginning to confess their responsibility, and we shall likely see a change before long.

"If the facts," said Mr. Lewis, advocating an export duty on pulpwood, "were properly placed before the farmer who has pulpwood for sale, he would see that he would be helped by an export duty more than anyone else. The sale would be just as great, more people would live in his neighborhood to use his other products and make his farm more valuable. If an export duty were to be put in force in two years, sufficient mills could be removed or built in Canada in eighteen months to supply the world. The pulp and paper industry gives more healthy and steady day and night employment to a larger number of men and women at higher wages all the year round than any other industry in Canada."

New York State is doing big things in the way of canal enlargement. "When the average citizen learns," says an exchange, "that one single machine, employing but fifty men, dug in November, 1906, nearly one-third the amount of the whole Panama excavation for that month, on the site of the new Erie barge canal, he falls to thinking, observes The Technical World. He has interest enough then to read, perhaps, in the annual message of Governor Hughes that, of the \$101,000,000 voted by referendum in 1903 for the improvement of the 442 miles, comprising the Erie, Oswego and Champlain canals, \$15,000,000 have been



Earl Grey Sir Mortimer Clark
THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S TORONTO VISIT.

allotted in eighteen contracts and all of them to-day are in full swing of advanced execution. He learns that the work has been let at a price so much below the State engineer's figures, that despite the increased cost of labor and material, \$2,000,000 have been saved on the preliminary estimate; that the canal locks, owing to this economy, are to be enlarged to admit barges of 2,200 tons, instead of the 1,000-ton carriers originally contemplated. And when he has digested the significance of these facts he begins to appreciate the quiet, unheralded but self-evidencing progress on the great waterway of the Empire State; for, measured by the standard of results, the progress already achieved on the new barge canal renders it one of the most notable of public undertakings."

The annual meeting of the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Co. was held early in the week. The costs of mining and coke making last year having increased greatly by reason of the advance in wages to miners and the higher prices of all materials, the net profits were not as large as many of the shareholders had anticipated. However, after paying 10 per cent. in dividends and transferring \$324,420 to reserve account, the amount carried forward to profit and loss account is \$381,399, an increase of \$27,807. It is only right to say that the amount transferred to reserve ac-

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Toronto, February 24, 1908
Notice is hereby given that a dividend of 2 per cent. for the quarter ending March 31st next (being at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum on the capital stock of this Bank has been declared, and that same will be payable at the Head Office and Branches of the Bank on and after the 1st day of April next. The transfer books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st of March, both days inclusive. By order of the board.

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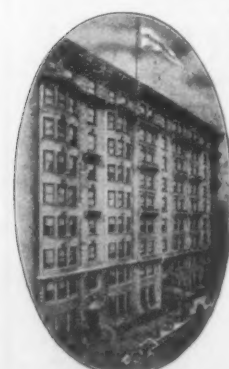
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Royal Hotel, Hamilton, Ont.

count represented premiums on new stock. The coal mined amounted to 981,939 tons as against 806,901 tons mined in 1906. The production of coke amounted to 231,368 tons, as against 213,295 tons in 1906.

Sir William Van Horne, in an interview in London, had this to say about Canadian investments in Southern Central and Southern America: "You have, perhaps, heard the suggestion that this money might be used at home in Canada with greater advantage to the Dominion, at a moment when every part of Canada offers so many openings for capital. Canadians have been very successful in a number of profitable enterprises in Mexico, South America, the West Indies, and elsewhere, but these commitments have now been largely liquidated. It is a fact that Canadians have done more in the directions you name than the capitalists of the United States, but it is Canadian brains rather than money that have gone to make these successes. If you could trace the bonds of the Sao Paulo, the Mexican and other undertakings, you would find them held mostly in Europe. Besides, quite as much money has come into Canada by reason of these enterprises as has gone out."

Although more than 80 concerns in the United States have cut or passed their dividends within the past twelve months, Canada is actually working in the other direction. Ten concerns on this side of the border have either begun or increased dividends, while but three of any importance have stopped payments, these being Canadian Oil, Consolidated Mining, and Granby, while one, Canadian General Electric, has made a reduction. The companies to increase or begin dividends within the year were: Montreal Power, Textile Common, Montreal Cotton, Winnipeg Ry., B. C. Packers, Coal Common, Penman, Inter. Coal, Laurentide, Shawinigan.

On the first day of May next the amendment to the Interstate Commerce law which prohibits a railroad in the United States from marketing coal from its own mines, thus acting in the dual capacity of merchant and carrier, goes into effect. This new law is given as the explanation for the appointment of receivers for the Western Maryland Railroad. Yet Wall Street took this development with comparative composure, and apparently is not panicked over the early going into effect of this enactment. This may be callousness; it may be despair; but it is more probably a reflection of the belief that the Government will find it impossible to enforce this new law until the courts have passed upon its constitutionality.

The prices of wheat have receded during the week. Grain dealers say it is almost impossible to sell Wheat. Ontario grades, which are now at the lowest prices of the year. The stocks of this wheat in this province are comparatively light, but the complaint is that prices are too high to admit of exports. The millers in Ontario do not appear to be running full time, which makes a great scarcity of bran. The price of this offal is perhaps the highest on record—the quotation being around \$25 a ton. Ten and twelve dollars were considered good prices a few years ago. Chicago wheat is down several cents a bushel. The estimate of the amount in farmers' hands in the United States was disappointing to the bulls. They had expected about 130,000,000 bushels, whereas the Government report on Monday placed the amount at about 149,000,000 bushels. This compares with 206,600,000 bushels a year ago. The amount now in farmers' hands, however, is greater than in 1905, 1904, 1898, 1897, 1895, or 1894. The amount of corn in farmers' hands is much less than during the past two years. This cereal is grading low, and prices are higher than for some time past.

Prosperity and Extravagance.

A GENTLEMAN engaged in stock-brokerage commented recently upon his swollen personal expense account—thickly dotted with quite dazzling little items for social entertainment. "They used to tell me," he observed, "that the way to make money was to be frugal, spend as little as possible, sit tight. But that's all nonsense. The way to make money is to spend it." We could not recommend this counsel to the Young Man on the average Young Man's salary; but it comes to mind upon reading, on every hand, that some reaction in business is very salutary, because it will wean people generally from extravagant expenditures and teach them to live frugally.

Yet it is very evident that, if there is no more extravagance, there will never again be boom times. It is not the purchases of corned beef and cabbage, nor of homespun and brogans, that tell of a high pitch of commercial activity. It is when the farmers are buying fur-lined overcoats and the baker's wife goes into satins that the wheels really hum, bank clearings mount, and the railroads are bothered with congestion in the traffic department. If everybody bought only what he actually needed, so many plants would shut up that presently a great many could not buy even what they did need. Nobody feels comfortably off unless he can buy a setter pup or an overcoat with frogs on it just because he wants it. Prosperity breeds extravagance, and then extravagance kills prosperity.—Saturday Evening Post.



Mr. David Williams

of the Collingwood Bulletin, newly elected President of the Canadian Press Association.

The Death of a Doukhobor

It is a strange funeral procession. Fort William has never seen its like before. The corpse is carried upon a rude, home-made sleigh, its only covering a gray blanket. Hitched to the sleigh are three pairs of human beings, following the cortege are some twenty other humans, and as they trudge through the snow they sing in that characteristic chant which is alike both weird and musical. These are Doukhobors on their way to deposit their dead in its last resting-place.

But hold! the guardians of the law have stopped their march. There is no burial permit. This does not conform to the customs of Canada. They explain that they are on their way to find the city's burying ground, and that there they will place the body upon the snow so that the animals, the dogs, the wolves, the bears, may have something to eat. "It is our duty," they say, "to provide food for the animals because God has provided food for us." If the burying-ground cannot be found, the body will be left in the bushes anywhere. But the law is firm. The corpse must be given up to the city for a proper burial. The men quietly surrender their dead comrade to the police, and both men and women, without evincing the slightest anger against the power of our laws, turn about and return to their home.

NEXT day the doctor finds that the death of the poor Doukhobor has been due to pneumonia, to starvation, to evident neglect. A man of forty-five, who has been of a splendid physique, whose vital organs show none of the ravages of time or of disease, has been left to die because, according to his peculiar views, he does not need a hospital, or a nurse, or a physician. Jesus is the doctor and he will do all that is needed.

The jury gather to hear the doctor's report and such evidence as may be gleaned from one or two of the Doukhobors themselves. One man, Alexis, with long brown hair flowing over his shoulders, and with a kindly, innocent countenance enters the witness box. He will not be sworn. Through the interpreter he says: "If I tell what is not true that is hell; if I tell the truth, that is heaven." And his evidence is taken. It's a strange story he tells. There is no knowledge that he and his companions have done anything wrong. He can only repeat what others of his people have said: that they are living as Jesus would live; they have everything in common; they do not need money except as it will supply their immediate needs; they believe that clothes are not necessary and should not be worn; that there is no such thing as marriage among them. Incensed at such a condition of affairs brought to their notice, the gentlemen of the jury decide to view these people in the place they call home.

It is 9 p.m. We enter the Doukhobor's home. This is a two-story frame house about 25 x 30, standing quite alone in the midst of a vacant piece of the city's real estate. It has a neglected air; the window panes are broken here and there, and the holes are filled with old clothes and pieces of paper. To the right as we enter is the common dining room, containing a stove and a few cooking utensils and a long narrow home-made table, covered with a black oilcloth. Around the table are a few rude benches. There are no chairs. The rest of the rooms are used for sleeping purposes, the beds being either mats on the floor or home-made affairs constructed from rough boards and covered with straw ticks and gray blankets. Every available bit of space is taken up with some kind of bed. Seventy-seven persons live in this house—men, women and children huddled together indiscriminately of age or sex. Twenty-seven of these are clad in the garb which was our forefather Adam's before his disobedience and his fall. Here is a room 8 x 14, in which are thirteen persons, men and women, and one little girl possibly twelve years of age, all nude as when they came into this world. There is no attempt at ventilation. We ask: "Don't you feel shame for us to see you like this?" The answer comes: "We do not steal, then why should we be ashamed? We are doing as Adam did, and we would teach other people to do as we do."

"Well, then, what is Sin?"
"To steal and to kill."
"Do you read the Bible?"
"No, but God tells us what to do."
Eight little children under five years are sleeping peacefully, unconscious of our scrutinizing, and we wonder why these innocent babes must be raised in such an environment of ignorance and religious fanaticism.

Here is a woman with an emaciated form and a hollow chest. Yes, and from time to time she coughs that dry, hacking cough suggestive of that dreaded plague, consumption. Will this, too, come to make their condition worse, and themselves a menace to the city? Here is the spot where the man died. He was unconscious two whole days and then passed into the great Beyond. But no doctor was needed.

It is too pitiful for us to linger. We pass out of the hot, vitiated atmosphere into the frosty night. And this is a mere sketch of a people who have been brought into Canada, and who, after eight or nine years amongst us, cannot speak our language, will not conform to our laws and whose mode of life is not only disgusting but demoralizing to the community.

O. C. W.

Horace Walpole records the astonishment of George I. when told that he must give five guineas to the servant of the ranger of his park for bringing him a brace of carp out of his own pond. Apparently (says the New York Post) everybody in England is at some time or other justified in demanding a fee, unless it be the monarch. When Tait became Archbishop of Canterbury and met the Queen, he breathed a sigh of relief on at last encountering a person to whom he had not to pay something. According to Bishop Burnet, a man used to have to give a tip in order to be recapitulated. He tells the story of Lord Russell, when under sentence of death for high treason, asking what he ought to give the executioner. "I told him ten guineas," he said, with a smile, "it was a pretty thing to give a fee to have his head cut off."

Speaking on "The Preacher" at the Presbyterian General Assembly, held at Columbus, Ohio, some time since, the Rev. B. L. Agnew declared that he was "idolized at thirty, criticized at forty, ostracized at fifty, Oslerized at sixty, and canonized at seventy." This pithy sketch of a minister's career (writes John W. Postgate in an American magazine) was greeted with hearty approval, and since its original presentation it has been welcomed as a worthy addition to the anthology of American epigrams.

HOW SAVINGS GROW

A TABLE OF INTEREST, showing how savings accumulate with interest at THREE AND ONE-HALF PER CENT. per annum added, and compounded FOUR TIMES A YEAR:

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\$ 1	3 1/2 per cent.	\$ 12.22	\$ 24.80	\$ 65.64	\$ 145.77	\$ 347.48
2	per annum.	24.45	49.60	131.28	291.54	694.97
3	compounded	36.68	74.40	196.92	437.31	1,042.46
4	quarterly.	48.91	99.56	262.56	575.08	1,389.95
5	January 1st.	61.14	124.45	328.20	718.85	1,727.44
10	April 1st.	122.29	248.92	656.40	1,437.73	3,474.88
20	July 1st.	244.58	497.84	1,312.80	2,875.46	6,949.76
50	and Oct. 1st.	611.45	1,244.60	3,282.00	7,188.65	17,874.40

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GAINS OVER 1906

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" Income, - - - - - 171,147
" Surplus, - - - - - 300,341

The income from interest shows a handsome increase over the previous year, though the same high standard of securities has been maintained. The SAFE investment of money is, and must always be, of infinitely greater importance than the interest return therefrom, and this principle has ever guided the management of this Company in the investment of its funds.

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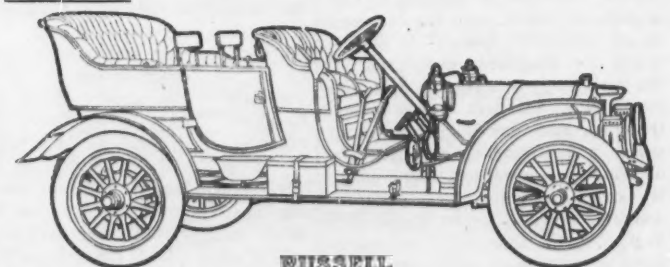
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And it's because of this constant uniformity that it likely has the largest "call" of any one kind of loaf that comes from any oven in this whole city.

At your grocer's.
5 cents.

THE QUEBEC BATTLEFIELDS

AN APPEAL TO HISTORY

I.

THE Plains of Abraham stand alone among the world's immortal battlefields, as the place where an empire was lost and won in the first clash of arms, the balance of victory was redressed in the second, and the honor of each army was heightened in both.

Famous as they are, however, the Plains are not the only battlefield at Quebec, nor even the only one that is a source of pride to the French and English-speaking peoples. In less than a century Americans, British, French and French-Canadians took part in four sieges and five battles. There were decisive actions; but the losing side was never disgraced, and the winning side was always composed of allied forces who shared the triumph among them. American Rangers accompanied Wolfe, and French-Canadians helped Carleton to save the future Dominion; while French and French-Canadians together won the day under Frontenac, under Montcalm at Montmorency, and under Levis at Ste. Foy.

There is no record known--nor even any legend in tradition--of so many such momentous feats of arms performed, on land and water, by fleets and armies of so many different peoples, with so much alternate victory and such honor in defeat, and all within a single scene. And so it is no exaggeration of this commemorative hour, but the lasting, well-authenticated truth to say that, take them for all in all, the fields of battle at Quebec are quite unique in universal history.

And is not to-day also unique as an opportunity to take occasion by the hand, to set this priceless ground apart from the catalogue of common things, and preserve it as an Anglo-French heirloom for all time to come? An appeal to history would be most appropriate to any year within the final decade of the Hundred Years Peace between the once-contending powers of France, the British Empire, and the United States. But 1908 is by far the best year among the ten; for it marks the 300th birthday of the Canada which has become the senior of all the overseas self-governing dominions of the King--and under what king could we more fitly celebrate this imperishable *entente cordiale d'honneur*?

II.

THE secret instructions sent out from France in 1759 were the death-warrant of Montcalm: *La guerre est le tombeau des Montcalm*. " . . . it is indispensable to keep a foothold. . . . The King counts upon your zeal, courage and tenacity." Montcalm replied: " . . . I shall do everything to save this unhappy colony, or die." And he kept his word. He had already done splendid service in a losing cause; stemming the enemy's advance by three desperate rear-guard victories in three successive years. Now he stood at bay for the last time. The country was starving. The corrupt Intendant and his myrmidons were still preying on all that was left of its resources. The army had numbers enough, and French and Canadian gallantry to spare. But the Governor added spiteful interference to the other distractions of a divided command. The mail that brought the final orders was the first for eight months. And Old France and New were completely separated by a thousand leagues of hostile sea, in whose invisible, constricting grasp Quebec had long been held.

In June, Admiral Saunders led up the St. Lawrence the greatest fleet then afloat in the world. Saunders was a star of the service even among the galaxy then renowned at sea. With him were the future Lord St. Vincent, the future Captain Cook, who made the first British chart of the river, and several more who rose to high distinction. His fleet comprised a quarter of the whole Royal Navy; and, with its convoy, numbered 277 sail of every kind. Splendidly navigated by twice as many seamen as Wolfe's 9,000 soldiers it held the river eastward with one hand, while, with the other, it made the besiegers an amphibious force.

Wolfe, worn out, half despairing, twice repulsed, at last saw his chance. Planning and acting entirely on his own initiative, he crowned three days of finely combined manoeuvres, on land and water, over a front of thirty miles, by the consummate stratagem which placed the first of all two-deep thin red lines across the Plains of Abraham exactly at the favorable moment. And who that knows battle and battlefield knows of another scene and setting like this one on that 13th morning of September?

"All nature contains no scene more fit for mighty deeds than the stupendous amphitheatre in the midst of which Wolfe was waiting to play the hero's part. For the top of the promontory made a giant stage, where his army now stood between the stronghold of New France and the whole dominion of the west. Immediately before him lay his chosen battlefield; beyond that, Quebec. To his left lay the northern theatre, gradually rising and widening, throughout all its magnificent expanse, until the far-ranging Laurentians closed in the view with their rampart-like blue semi-circle of eighty miles. To his right, the southern theatre; where league upon league of undulating upland rolled outward to a still farther-off horizon, whose wider semi-circle, curving in to overlap its northern counterpart, made the vast mountain-ring complete. While, east and west, across the arena where he was about to contend for the prize of half a continent, the majestic river, full-charged with the right-hand force of Britain, ebbed and flowed, through gates of empire, on its uniting course between Earth's greatest Lakes and greatest Ocean. And here, too, at these Narrows of Quebec, lay the fit meeting place of the Old World with the New. For the westward river gate led on to the labyrinthine waterways of all America, while the eastward stood more open still--flung wide to all the Seven Seas."

Meanwhile, Montcalm had done all he could against false friends and open enemies. He had repulsed Wolfe's assault at Montmorency and checkmated every move he could divine through the nearly impenetrable screen of the British fleet. A week before the battle he had sent a regiment to guard the Heights of Abraham; and, on the very eve of it, had ordered back the same regiment to watch the path up which Wolfe came next morning. But the Governor again counter-ordered. "There they are where they have no right to be!"--and Montcalm spurred on to reconnoitre the red wall that had so suddenly sprung up across the Plains. He had no choice but instant action, " . . . he rode down the front of his line of battle, stopping to say a few stirring words to each regiment as he passed. Whenever he asked the men if they were tired, they said they were never tired before a battle; and all ranks showed as much eagerness to come to close quarters as the British did themselves. . . . Montcalm towered aloft and alone--the last great Frenchman of the Western World. . . . he never stood higher in all manly minds than on that fatal day. And, as he rode before his men there, his presence seemed to call

them on like a *drapeau vivant* of France herself." He fought like a general and died like a hero.

Never were stancher champions than those two leaders and their six brigadiers. "Let us remember how, on the victorious side, the young commander was killed in the forefront of the fight; how his successor was wounded at the head of his brigade; and how the command-in-chief passed from hand to hand, with bewildering rapidity, till each of the four British Generals had held it in turn during the space of one short half-hour; then, how the devotion of the four Generals on the other side was even more conspicuous, since every single one of these brave men laid down his life to save the day for France; and, above all, let us remember how lasting the twin renown of Wolfe and Montcalm themselves should be; when the one was so consummate in his victory, and the other so truly glorious in defeat."

The next year saw the second battle of the Plains, when Levis marched down from Montreal, over the almost impassable spring roads, and beat back Murray within the walls, after a very desperate and bloody fight. At the propitious moment Levis rode along his line, with his hat on the point of his sword, as the signal for a general charge, in which the French-Canadians greatly distinguished themselves. He quickly invested the town and drove the siege home to the utmost. "At nine o'clock on the night of the 15th of May three men-of-war came in together. The officer commanding at Beauport immediately sent Levis a dispatch to say the French ships had just arrived. But the messenger was stopped by Murray's outposts. Levis himself was meanwhile preparing to advance on Quebec in force; when a prisoner, who had just been taken, told him these vessels were the vanguard of the British fleet!" Of course, he raised the siege at once. But he retired unconquered, and Vanquelin covered his line of retreat by water as gallantly as he had made his own advance by land. Thus France left Quebec with all the honors of war.

III.

HERE'S the call of the blood--of the best of our living, pulsing, quickening blood to-day--a call to every French and English ear--from this one ground alone--and therefore an irresistible appeal from all the battlefields together. The causes of strife are long since outworn and cast aside; only its chivalry remains. The meaner passions, jealousies and schemes, arose and flourished most in courts, and parliaments, and mobs, of different countries, far asunder. But the finer essence of the fatherlands was in the men who actually met in arms. And here, now and forever, are the field, the memory and the inspiration of all that was most heroic in the contending races.

From Champlain to Carleton, in many troublous times during 167 years, Quebec was the scene of fateful action for Iroquois and Huron; for French of every quarter, from Normandy and Brittany to Languedoc and Roussillon; for French-Canadians of the whole long waterway from the Lakes and Mississippi to the St. Lawrence and Atlantic; for Americans from their thirteen colonies; for all the kindred of the British Isles--English, Irish, Scotch and Welsh, Channel Islanders and Orcadians; and for Newfoundlanders, the first Anglo-Canadians, and the forerunners of the United Empire Loyalists.

Champlain, in 1608, first built his *Abitacion* against the menace of the wilderness. In 1629 the Kirkes sailed up and took his Fort St. Louis in the name of Charles I., who granted the unconsidered trifle of "The Lordship and County of Canada" to his good friend, Sir William Alexander! But in 1690 the summons of Sir William Phips was victoriously answered by Frontenac--"from the mouth of my cannon." In 1759 Montcalm won his fourth victory by repulsing Wolfe at Montmorency; then both died on the Plains, where Levis and Murray fought again next year. Finally, on the last day of 1775, French and English first stood together as the British defence of Canada, under Carleton, against Montgomery and Arnold. This is our true wonder-tale of war; and we have nothing to fear from the truth.

Is it to be thought of that we should fail to dedicate what our forefathers have so consecrated as the one field of glory common to us all? Remember, there is no question of barring modern progress--the energy for which we inherit from these very ancestors. No town should ever be made a mere "show place," devoted to the pettier kinds of touristy and dilettante antiquarian delight. But Quebec has room to set aside the most typical spots for commemoration, and this on the sound business principle of putting every site to its most efficient use. So there remains nothing beyond the time and trouble and expense of making what will become, in fact and name, "Battlefield Park." This will include the best of what must always be known as the Plains of Abraham and the best of every other centre of action that can be preserved in whole, or part, or only in souvenir by means of a tablet. Appropriate places within these limits could be chosen to commemorate the names of eleven historic characters: Champlain, who founded Canada; Montcalm, Wolfe, Levis, Murray, Saunders and Vauquelin, who fought for her; Cook and Bougainville, the circumnavigators, who did her yeoman service; and Frontenac and Carleton, who saved her in different ways, but to the same end.

High above all, on the calm central summit, the Angel of Peace, folding her wings to rest, will stand in benediction of the scene. In her biest presence the heirs of a fame told round the world in French and English speech can dwell upon a bounteous view that has long forgotten the strange, grim face of war. And yet . . . the statue rests on a field of battle, and their own peace on ancestral prowess. The very ground reminds them of supreme ordeals. And though, in mere size, it is no more, to the whole vast bulk of Canada, than the flag is to a man-of-war, yet, like the flag, it is the sign and symbol of a people's soul.

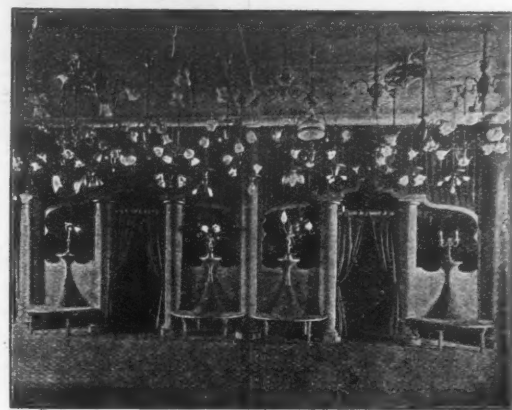
Sir Edward Clarke, K.C., is a celebrated example of the self-made man. He has many hobbies, being particularly fond of boating. He is also an inveterate theatre-goer, and rarely misses an important "first-night." At one time he had a reputation as a vocalist, a distinction he shared with Lord Alverstone. On one occasion Sir Edward and his lordship--then Sir Richard Webster--were asked to sing at a dinner-party, which they did. Afterwards Sir Edward went up to the late George du Maurier and whispered: "Nice fellow, Webster; only why will he sing?" The words were hardly out of his mouth when Sir Richard also approached du Maurier, and taking him aside said: "Clarke's a capital chap, but what a pity he thinks he can sing, isn't it?"

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FROST
CREAM**



THE ordinary complexion cream enables one to apply only before retiring. We have just produced a massage cream that can be applied to the face a few minutes before going out. Frost Cream dries into the pores and leaves the skin soft and white, and free from grease. Price 50c. a jar.

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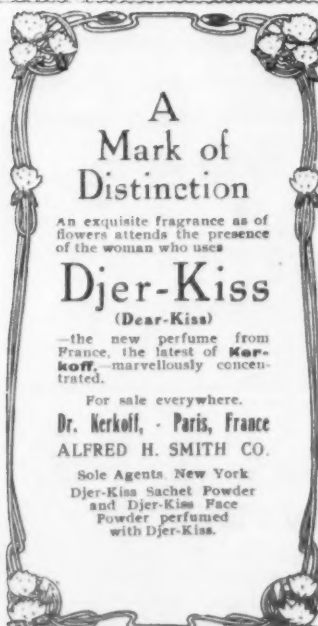
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that we have fashioned for the Spring and Summer of 1908, together with the superior quality of the fabrics we are showing, will appeal powerfully to men of the class that want SUPERIOR TAILORING.

REGAN & MCKONKEY
42 East King Street
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Agents
W. G. PATRICK & CO.
TORONTO



The Caledonian Society gave a fine dance in St. George's Hall on Tuesday night, when they were "a' Scotch together," and had a glorious time. Reels, schottisches, and all the steps and finger-snapping gave great pleasure to the bonnie girls and fine men of the land of the heather.

Young Canadians Serving the King

Xc.



MR. JAMES PETERS.
Lieutenant 10th Lancers, Indian Army. Graduate Royal Military College, Canada, 1899.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

AN item of news interesting to Torontonians is the election of Mr. Wilfred L. Hepton to be Lord Mayor of Leeds, England. Mr. Hepton, who married a Miss MacLaren, of St. Catharines, is well known throughout this province, having made frequent visits here during the summer months, and, indeed, has one of the finest summer residences in Muskoka. At a grand ball given recently at Leeds by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, the decorations were carried out in the design of a Canadian pine forest. This was done in compliment to the Lady Mayoress, and the national woods of Canada were woven into a thicket, behind which the orchestra was concealed. White draperies in the background gave the effect of snow, while in the centre the Union Jack and the Canadian flag were bravely entwined. Mr. Hepton is a thorough sportsman, and has been a member of the Lambton Golf and Country Club since its organization. He has taken a lively interest in its affairs, and obtained for the club their professional, who is now open golf champion of Canada.

At Mr. Wheeldon's organ recital in the Metropolitan church this afternoon at four o'clock, the following numbers will be played: Overture, "Stradella," Von Flotow; Berceuse, Wheeldon; Fantasia and Fugue in A Minor, G. Merkel; Sonatas Morgen, F. Bendel; Two Negro Melodies, (a) "My Lord Delivered Daniel," (b) "Wade in the Water," S. Coleridge-Taylor; Final-Marche, L. Boellmann. Mr. Edward Barton, basso, will be the assisting vocalist.

Mr. and Mrs. Morrice, of Madison avenue, are going abroad for three months.

Mr. Justice Riddell and Mrs. Riddell are back from the west coast. Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Bickford are back from England.

At a small luncheon given by Sir Mortimer Clark at Government House last week, His Excellency the Governor-General conferred the patent of knighthood on Chief Justice Sir Charles Moss. His Excellency, Lady Evelyn Grey and Captain Newton, A.D.C., returned to Ottawa on Thursday night.

There was no programme at the Strolling Players Club last Saturday. Mrs. Blight is getting up a good one for this afternoon.

Mr. LeMesurier has gone to the Mediterranean. Major Bennett was the guest last week of Sir Henry Pellatt, and left Sunday night for Vancouver. Miss Jane Seymour, of Ottawa, is visiting Mrs. Ridout. Miss Dora Ridout, who was visiting Mrs. Egan in Ottawa, returned home early this week.

On Monday, Mrs. J. B. Miller, 98 Wellesley street, gave a very pretty and enjoyable tea for Miss Rogers of New York. The table was particularly dainty done with pale pink carnations and lily of the valley. A few of the guests were Lady Pellatt, Mrs. Whitney, Mrs. W. H. Cawthra, Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Mrs. H. Collingwood McLeod, Mrs. Oliver, Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Cleve Hall, Mrs. Tom Gilmour, Mrs. D. King Smith, Miss Lillian Lee, Mrs. Willie Lee, Mrs. J. E. Elliott, Miss Wardrop, Miss Cross.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank D. Benjamin's reception on Thursday afternoon at McConkey's was one of the most beautifully done of the season. A profusion of flowers, pink being the color note, made the tea-table in the Rose room a thing of beauty, and the Nile room was also appropriately decorated. After the tea, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin gave a dinner of eighteen covers at McConkey's.

The marriage of Miss Winifred Frances Mary Evans, youngest daughter of Dr. L. Hamilton Evans, and Mr. Arthur Keeble Mussen, second son of Rev. E. Horace Mussen, M.A., Collingwood, took place at three o'clock on Wednesday in St. Thomas' church, the father of the groom, and the rector, Rev. C. Ensor Sharp, M.A., officiating. The bride was brought in and given away by her father, and looked very handsome in Limerick lace over chiffon and satin, with veil worn off the face, and held by a coronet of orange blossoms and lilies. The bridal bouquet was of mauve orchids and lily of the valley, with sashes of mauve and white gauze. Miss Gladys Hogaboom was bridesmaid, in pink, and hat with roses, and a bouquet of Canadian Queens. Mr. Horace Mussen was best man. Mrs. Evans received a small party of friends at the family residence after the ceremony, when an orchestra played, and the house was lovely with flowers, the bride's table at the *dejeuner* being done with pink and white roses and lily of the valley. Rev. Horace Mussen proposed the bride's health. Mr. and Mrs. Mussen went to New York for their honeymoon, the bride travelling in a smart blue broadcloth costume, and hat to match. They will return to Toronto "pour dire adieu" before going to Siberia, where Mr. Mussen's professional work is at present. Mrs. Mussen has grown up from babyhood in this locality, and has many warm friends who will send her best wishes when she is in that remote land of the Czar.

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Mrs. John Dick entertained the members of Mr. Mussen's family who came down from Collingwood to attend his wedding this week.

Mrs. Markey, of Montreal, is Mrs. Palmer's guest, and received with her on Thursday afternoon at her beautiful home in Deer Park.

Lady Clark received on Thursday afternoon at Government House, and a great many visitors called.

The engagement of Miss Adelaide Mary Rogerson, of Barrie, daughter of Mr. John Rogerson, and Captain Henry Stubbs, of East Hardwick, Yorkshire, England, is announced.

Closeburn, Lady Kirkpatrick's residence in Simcoe street, is on the market. The military have not, as was reported, purchased it for headquarters. General Otter has not accepted the complimentary offer of a military appointment in England, but will take General Lake's position in Ottawa.

Many friends were at the station on Sunday last to bid "bon voyage" to Mrs. Helen Loney, a charming matron, who left on the 5.20 p.m. train for a lengthy visit to New York and the South.

Mrs. T. M. MacIntyre, formerly of Bloor street Ladies' College, is at "The Arlington," and will receive on the second and fourth Thursdays.

The engagement is announced of Miss Margaret Stanley, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stanley, and Mr. Samuel Collett. Their marriage will take place in April.

Dr. Herbert Carveth has purchased a practice in Pawasson, near Port Arthur, and has taken up his residence there.

Mrs. Smith, of Moncton, has taken Mr. Tripp's apartment in the Alexandra, and will be here for a couple of months. Mrs. Smith expects Miss FitzRandolph on a visit in a few days. Miss FitzRandolph and her sister, Mrs. Vernon Eaton, of Ottawa, have a number of friends here. Mrs. Smith was besieged with callers on Wednesday, when Miss Hilda Reid presided at the tea table. Friends of Mr. and Mrs. Dickson Patterson were glad to hear of them from Mrs. Smith, who saw them quite recently in Nova Scotia.

Mrs. George Macdonald has gone abroad and is with Mr. and Mrs. Hoskins' party. They are all very much enjoying their interesting tour.

Dr. and Mrs. Edgar Cook, College street, returned from Bermuda a few days ago, not having had any intention of remaining away until April, as was somewhere reported. Mr. and Mrs. Howard Chandler and Mr. and Mrs. Gouinlock went on from Bermuda to Nassau, and will not be home for some weeks. There are a number of Torontonians now in Bermuda, where they are having a glorious holiday.

Mr. James Plummer has purchased Sylvan Tower, the Jarvis homestead in Rosedale, opposite Deancroft. Mr. and Mrs. Plummer are now at Seven Oaks, near London where they have been enjoying a visit from their sons, who are in the Imperial service. Later on Mr. and Mrs. Plummer will join their daughters on the continent, and will return to Toronto in May. Possession of Sylvan Tower is theirs, I understand, on the first of that month.

Mr. Harry Walker, Molson's Bank, Toronto Junction, left for Naples last Thursday week. Mr. E. C. Pringle and Mr. B. G. Carnegie, Bank of Commerce, left this week for a three months' trip abroad, and will meet Mr. Walker at Naples.

Mrs. Lizars Smith is expecting her sister, Miss K. Lizars, on a visit next week.

Mr. Herbert Macbeth is convalescing from a severe attack of typhoid fever, which he contracted in Quebec. Mrs. Macbeth went down to assist in caring for her son in a Quebec hospital, and the invalid was strong enough to be brought home last week. He is making fine progress to a complete restoration. Miss Meta Macbeth is visiting friends in the West.

Mrs. R. S. Wilson, Bloor street west, gave a bridge on Tuesday afternoon, at which the following were the fortunate ones to secure the pretty prizes: Mrs. Leacock, Mrs. W. de Leigh Wilson, Mrs. Ferrier, Miss Rogers, and Mrs. O'Hara. Mrs. Wilson entertained at luncheon before the bridge, as is the latest fashion. Tea was served at five o'clock, Miss Nudell being at the tea table, the Misses Taylor, Nairn, Smith and Dixon assisting.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph King are at Pinehurst, N. C. Mrs. Masten has returned from abroad. Miss Ardagh, of Wellesley street, is visiting friends in Berlin. Professor and Mrs. Leacock are visiting Mr. Pellatt, grandfather of Mrs. Leacock, who was Miss Hamilton. Mrs. Vincent Hughes, who was down for the Young-Falconbridge wedding, has returned to Montreal.

The Bloor street Athletic Club's hockey enthusiasts gave a pleasant dance at the Metropolitan on Tuesday night, to about one hundred and fifty young friends. Mrs. Allan and Mrs. Urquhart received.

Mrs. Grant Francis has been enjoying a visit from her son, Jim, the former aquatic champion at Centre Island. Mrs. Francis will, as usual, be one of the first of the May movers into Island quarters, and will open up Dulce Domum early in that month.

Sir Daniel and Lady MacMillan, of Government House, Winnipeg, and Mr. and Mrs. William Whyte were in town this week, en route for the Mediterranean.

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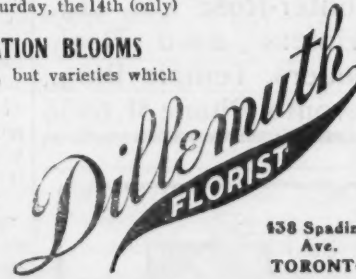
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OTHER POINTS OF VIEW

PROFESSOR P. HUME BROWN, Edinburgh University, delivered an interesting address recently on "History and Literature," which is reported by the Glasgow Herald. Professor Brown said that, according to one view, history should have nothing whatever to do with literature. What they wanted from history was fact only, and all narrative and exposition, however admirable, only obscured and distorted the fact which it was their primary object to ascertain and estimate. According to this conception of history, the most trustworthy form in which past events could be presented was a catalogue *raisonné*, which would present facts in their logical connections and leave the reader to draw his own conclusions. The upholders of the other view maintained that the investigator of the facts was likely to understand them better than his reader, and that his reflections regarding them must have an independent value of their own, and the merit of his narrative or exposition would depend on the skill and force with which he presented his own views on the logical arrangement of his materials and on the clearness and attractiveness of his style.

The writer of history saw past ages through a double veil—the veil of his own personality and that of the age to which he himself belonged, added Prof. Brown. But was there any means by which the reader could escape from the double illusion which was thus woven round the past? The question was one which it was the business of philosophy to answer, for it was simply the old question whether mortals were capable of envisaging the ultimate reality of things. Waiving that question, how might the reader of history best guard himself from the inevitably personal presentment of any given period of the past by the later historians of that period? The judicious reader had, of course, one means always at his disposal. He could make his own reserves with regard to the personal element in the work of the writer engaging him. There was another means by which the reader of history might effectually guard himself against the idiosyncrasies of individual historians. It was in the literature of any period that they had the veritable expression of its spirit depicted by no distorting medium.

IMAGINATION alone will not make a great player, writes Mr. E. A. Baughan, in the Glasgow Herald. We have seen many cases in which it is evident enough that imagination exists but does not get expressed. Mr. Tree's acting is a case in point. If you watch his Hamlet closely you will see that he has thought out the character thoroughly, just as his Edwin Drood has been thought out, but his effects are self-consciously produced. The truth is, the great player must possess a curious and plastic physical nature. There must be a closer co-relation between mind and body than is usual with most men and women, and the special training of acting really lies in obtaining absolute freedom in this respect. Moreover, an actor must possess that inexplicable telepathic quality which holds and moves an audience without any apparent effort. Great public speakers who can sway a crowd this way and that possess the same quality. It is not a question of intellect or of mind, but of character, of individuality.

A vivid imagination is the motive force of acting, and it must not only be an imagination of the brain but an imagination of the whole physical being. Nor should the expression of this imagination be confounded with the much commoner power of imitation. That is the basis of what is called "character acting." The great player, on the other hand, can never be any other human being than himself. The parts he plays are merely variations of himself, but the gamut of the emotions and thoughts he can express should be almost without limits.

THE European diamond merchants are gravely perturbed because they have large stocks of diamonds on hand that they cannot sell. It may be said at once, (notes The Argonaut), that the cause of such a bad market is not the money panic—all though it has done its part—as a gradual recognition on the part of society circles that diamonds are bad form. Of course, the best people have known that for a long time, but now the second-best people are awaking to the same fact that diamonds, like rouge, should be used in almost imperceptible quantities.

One of the biggest jewelers in the world, interviewed by a Daily Mail representative, says that diamonds have been going out of fashion for some years past. There are still some

people who buy them as an investment while numbers of women do not value any stones but diamonds. But they belong to the detestably vulgar class who dress, not to be beautiful, but to show their wealth. "No one," he says, "can be in doubt about the wealth of the wearer of a flashing tiara, a glittering dog collar, or a thickly encrusted ring." Such women, of course, are beyond the reach of appeal. It only remains for them to attach a price tag to their barbarous bedizements, and we shall probably see this ere long.

But among really smart people there is a decided leaning toward what is called the "new art" in personal adornment, and this is due not so much to economy as to a change in taste. Pearls, turquoises, sapphires, and many of the new-fashioned stones are much more beautiful than the diamond, which is cold, hard, and unsympathetic. The sort of people who fill their houses with old furniture and hang artistic papers upon their walls look upon diamonds as vulgar ostentation. They prefer jewelry of a more reticent charm.

WHEN the Empress Eugenie left the Palace of the Tuileries for the good of her health after the battle of Sedan she had no money in her pockets. It will be remembered that her departure was precipitate and that the vast treasures of the imperial palace appeared at that supreme moment to be insignificant in comparison with her life—a point not entirely beyond the range of legitimate dispute. When it came to paying the cabman, says The Argonaut, in telling the story, the empress, who was already entitled to the prefix "ex" drew a bracelet from her arm and handed it to the driver, with the assurance that if he would send it after her to England she would reward him with double its intrinsic value. But the cabman was not "having any." Perhaps he had been reading his Bible and had learned to "put not thy trust in princes," nor in empresses, ex or otherwise, nor indeed in anything bearing the name of Bonaparte. Moreover, a bird in the hand was worth two in the bush, so he promptly took the bracelet to a pawnshop and realized upon it, as better men than he have done in times of financial stringency. A member of the Chaulnes family found this bracelet in a curiosity shop after the clouds had rolled by and bought it, recognizing its identity and its strenuous history. The purchaser, to his credit, wrote to Eugenie and offered to send her the bracelet, but when she learned into whose hands it had fallen she begged that it be kept as a souvenir of a degenerate Napoleon. A few weeks ago the present Duc de Chaulnes was the owner of that bracelet, but it is now the property of the Duchesse de Chaulnes, who was Miss Theodora Shonis.

It is a pretty story, whether true or not. The only singular feature about it is that the Empress Eugenie should have voluntarily surrendered her claim to an article of value upon which she could lay her hands. It is so unlike her.

LADY BELL'S "Topics of Conversation" contains many suggestions for the hostess. Here is one that is entirely novel and not without its suggestiveness: "I would strongly advise the anxious hostess to remove the wheels from her arm chairs as the wings of a bird are clipped, and have these more serious chairs dotted about in places where they will remain sometimes in couples and sometimes alone. But in either case let there be smaller chairs near, which can be lifted and brought up to the side of the greater one; there must never be a sitting place for two without the possibility of at least another person joining them."

Peggy—Was that policeman ever a little baby, mother? Mother—Why, yes, dear, Peggy (thoughtfully)—I don't believe I've ever seen a baby policeman!—Punch.

According to the astronomers, in 16,000,000 years not a drop of water will remain on the surface of the earth. This looks bad for the teetotallers.

"Please give me two bills for my hat, one for ten dollars to show my husband and one for twenty to show my lady friends."—Megendorfer Blatter.

"I always try to treat my maid as if she were a member of the family." "Gracious how do you get her to put up with it?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Teacher—Johnny, tell me the name of the largest diamond known. Johnny—The ace.

Books and Authors

Notes Regarding Recent and Forthcoming Publications of Interest to Canadian Readers, and Gossip Concerning Literary People.

THERE is an old story about Bret Harte and George Augustus Sala in a book of an exceedingly personal sort just issued anonymously in London. The author, who is reported to be the daughter of a distinguished artist, thus tells the story:

Papa had just made the acquaintance of Bret Harte and he thought it would be charming to arrange a meeting between him and Sala, and one of our great dinner parties was arranged, with Bret Harte as the guest of the evening. Mr. and Mrs. Sala arrived early, and Mr. Sala was talking to me in the inner drawing room when Bret Harte was announced. I noticed Mr. Sala start and look out eagerly into the other room; but before he could move papa came up with Bret Harte, saying, "I want to introduce my old friend Sala to you, Mr. Harte." Sala got up; but before anything else could be said Bret Harte looked straight at Sala and remarked quite coolly, "Sorry to make unpleasant scenes, but I am not going to be introduced to that scoundrel." Imagine the sensation, if you can!

The late Sir James Knowles, the editor of The Nineteenth Century, used to describe with enjoyment the fashion in which he was knighted. He was at Sandringham one Sunday evening and the King said to him, "Knowles, I want you to be a knight. Will that please your wife?" "I'm sure she will be charmed by your thought of her, sir." "Well, then, send word to her in town." Sir James was discovered a little later by His Majesty writing a letter. "No, no," said the King, "I've given it to the court newsman, and she will very likely see it in the papers before she gets the letter. Write out a telegram and I will see that she has it tonight." And she had. "It was not the honor," added Sir James in telling the story, "that I valued so much as the way in which it was conferred."

That the identity of the man who killed Campbell, of Glenure, on May 14, 1752, should still be handed down from father to son, a solemn trust, among a few members of the Stewart clan, is (says the London Spectator) one of the curiosities of history:

The mute trees know who fired that shot, But the secret well they're keeping.

The Highlanders refused it to Robert Louis Stevenson. Andrew Lang says that, like William of Deloraine, "he knows, but may not tell." Mr. Mackay, the author of this most complete and interesting account of the crime and trial, leaves us a little doubtful whether he is among the initiated. "I should be the last," he writes, "to make public a secret that has been so well kept; its antiquity makes it sacred."

New York Life, in its facetious but wise-like way, remarks:

The venerable injunction, "Wear the old coat and buy the new book," has somehow never inspired in us the respect due to authoritative exhortation. It suggests too strongly a catchphrase put in circulation by an enterprising publisher. It lacks the ring of sincerity. One cannot help suspecting that the would-be preceptor was content to sacrifice sound advice to the framing of an epigram. "Wear the old coat and buy the old book," would have been in line with the truest literary traditions; but then, of course, the phrase would have lacked the antithesis which—as any tailor will tell you—accounts for its survival.

Much franker—and infinitely more practicable for the average man who must maintain a decent appearance before his creditors—is the recent recommendation of Sir Gilbert Parker, To a London audience he remarked: "I have often said to myself, 'I cannot afford to buy that book.' And then I have said again, 'My dear fellow, if you will fast for one day you can buy three of them.' It is a book for a meal."

Thus it will be seen that high living and high thinking are by no means incompatible. It might be supposed that a man of full habit, accustomed to spending some four dollars a day for his food alone, would be the very last person to forego his meals for the pleasures of reading. Plain thinkers might even go so far as to argue that such prosperity would imply the means to purchase as many books as could properly be digested with so much food. Still, who shall say? Sir Gilbert Parker is a Canadian, and, inferentially, a man of frugal habits.

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THE ROBERT

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Perhaps he speaks from the experience of one who gets his meals in London restaurants, and has included in his liberal estimate the "usual tip to the waiter."

Sir F. Burnand in his "Records and Reminiscences," says of Browning that he was not at all the sort of man one would take for a poet. "It is expected generally of a poet that he should be of somewhat eccentric appearance. He should be above the prevailing fashion and dress and wear a costume entirely of his own creation and the tailor's make. Now, there was nothing about Browning of the Tennysonian ruggedness. He was in every way 'neat but not gaudy,' faultlessly dressed, and if there is one epithet above another that could be chosen to describe him exactly it would be the adjective 'smug.'"

Charles Dickens was apparently content not to publicly claim the authorship of a poem, "The Blacksmith," published in "All the Year Round," in 1859. The Dickensian, however, claims it for him, and has just reprinted the lines for the first time:

THE BLACKSMITH.

Old England, she has great warriors, Great Princes, and poets great; But the Blacksmith is not to be quite forgot.

In the history of the State, He is rich in the best of all metals, Yet silver he lacks and gold; And he payeth his due, and his heart is true.

Though he bloweth both hot and cold, The boldest is he of incendiaries That ever the wide world saw, And a forger as rank as e'er robbed the Bank.

Though he never doth break the law,

He hath shoes that are worn by strangers, Yet he laugheth and maketh more; And a share (concealed) in the poor man's field.

Yet it adds to the poor man's store, Then, hurrah for the iron Blacksmith!

And hurrah for his iron crew! And whenever we go where his forges glow, We'll sing what a can can do.

HIS mother was proud of him, and with reason. He had just won a prize in Sunday school and his teacher in the public school had reported him the best boy in her class. Consequently, Mrs. Buggins felt a moral joy in discussing with him, that evening at supper, the evil character of the other boys of the neighborhood.

"And I wouldn't go about any more with Charlie Binks, if I were you Tommy," she concluded. "I was told

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this morning that he was seen sticking pins into his little sister's pug dog. But, of course, I know you wouldn't do such a thing."

Tommy's virtuous eyes shone with the calm realization of his ethical superiority to the Binks boy. "No, mother," he answered, "of course I wouldn't."

"But," broke in his father, "I heard that you were there at the time Charlie was sticking in the pins. You should have struck him, my lad."

For a moment Tommy's face fell, but he soon justified himself. "I could not stop him, father," he explained. "You see, I was holding the dog."

George Ade, playwright and humorist, has been elected as a delegate to the National Republican Convention from the Tenth District of Indiana.

"What are you doing for your cold?" "Nothing. My friends are looking after it."—Harper's Weekly.

TWO brothers were being entering tained by one who was anxious to avail himself of their financial acumen. But, as ill luck would have it, the talk veered to other things.

"Do you like Omar Khayyam?" thoughtlessly asked the host, trying to make conversation.

It was the elder brother who plunged heroically into the breach. "Pretty well," he said, "but I prefer Chianti."

Nothing more was said till the bankers were on their way home.

"Jimmy," said Abe bitterly, breaking a painful silence, "why can't yer leave things yer don't understand to me? Omar Khayyam aint a wine, yer cuckoo; it's a cheese!"

"Rastus, I hope you are doing something to provide for the future." "Yes, Mr. Blankley, I surely is. I got married yesterday."—Town and Country.

SPORTING COMMENT

THE almost uninterrupted wave of prosperity that has been rolling over this continent for the past five years, brings in its wake many penalties that were unthought of way back in the days when wages were low and the price of things kept them company.

Since those dear departed days (to which we would not return for a farm) we have managed to acquire a number of high-priced habits, which, though relieving the tedium of existence, are directly responsible for the meagre appearance of the credit side of profit and loss account. A goodly portion of this expenditure is dedicated to the shrine of Sport, and notwithstanding the benefits that accrue, the margin between cost price and value received is shrinking day by day. The time when we could have a barrel of fun with five dollars worth of lumber, a set of boat plans from a magazine, and a few chisels and things from the paternal tool chest, is a thing of the past, and we now require a complete outfit, ready made, bearing the hall-mark of some sporting goods manufacturer who needs the money.

Perhaps the best examples of high living with corresponding expenditure, are found in the big colleges across the border. High living, in this connection, does not mean pleasures of a gastronomic nature, which of necessity are denied the members of the training squad, but refers to the amount per capita that it costs to make a loud noise in the world of college sports. The brunt of the financial battle is born by one sport—football—and it frequently finds itself unequal to the task of carrying the lame chickens of the sporting curriculum, to wit: baseball, rowing, and track athletics. With these three it is largely a case of "everything going out and nothing coming in," and were it not for the dear public, who struggle for the privilege of paying two dollars a throw to see the heroes of the moment wallow in the mire, college sports, as a whole, would have to be satisfied with a much more modest program than is the case at present.

It will cost \$11,000 to take care of the rowing interests at Columbia this year, and this amount will average pretty well with what the other rowing universities spend. Out of this modest appropriation, our own Jimmy Rice, who acts as coach, will pull down \$2,500 in lawful money of the United States, or in clearing-house certificates, according to the amount of circulating medium available. This is pretty fair compensation for teaching the young idea how to use a sliding seat without breaking the boat, but the supply of really first class coaches is not more than is necessary to go round, so a man who can deliver the goods is sure of a bulky envelope every month, and a little something over if he can produce a winning crew.

Coming a little further down the list, it is seen that expenses at Poughkeepsie are put down at \$2,500. Leaving out Cornell, which, having plenty of elbow room on the lake at Ithaca, does not have to put in so much time at Poughkeepsie, we have Yale, Harvard, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania and Syracuse in the \$2,500 class with Columbia, and all this coin is left in the town by the bridge, to its material benefit, to say nothing of the sweetness and light spread abroad by the student body, and the cargoes of bonbons that are purchased for the relief of the starving inhabitants of nearby Vassar. That Poughkeepsie appreciates the opportunities which a bounteous nature and the desires of man have placed in her hands, is shown by the rates for transients that prevail during the regatta. Far be it from us to carp unduly, but it must be said that the rates aforesaid, though so high, are still visible to the naked eye, and would give the Balkan atrocities quite a run as the notable crime of the century. But sport, under the patronage of the leading universities, must be encouraged, if every green grocer and boniface in Poughkeepsie be made a millionaire in the process.

If any college be so unfortunate as to be without a stadium and a football team of sufficient worth to fill it with 15,000 or so paid admissions, resource is had to the second line of defence. The alumni, good old alumni, are requested to pause for a space in their pursuit of the nimble dollar, and out of their bounty, contribute a few trifling thousands of plunks to the cause of alma mater.

As a famous politician once said, when questioned as to the reason of his success in life: "What done it? Why, education done it."

THE second International Commercial Motor Vehicle and Motor Boat Exhibition will be held at Olympia, London, from March 26 to April 4. Those in charge say that a great success for this exhibition is assured. In the industrial section there will be many novelties, such as motor fire escapes and motor fire engines, which have never been previously exhibited and are a distinct departure. Great improvements will be shown in motor omnibuses, whilst vans for tradesmen, with carrying capacities from ten tons down to light carts to carry 10 cwt., will show an immense advance.

THE second indoor athletic meet held by the Royal Canadian Bicycle Club, on March 6, was better attended than the initial meet and provided some good sport. West End Y.M.C.A. carried off the team prize and the relay race. Although Central captured the greater number of firsts the West Enders managed to get their men into second and third places often enough to have the balance incline in their favor.

The competition was good and had the officials thrown a little more vigor into their work everything would have been lovely.

Jack Tait ran a wonderful race, from scratch, in the 1,000 yd. handicap, losing to Selby, who had 35 yds., by a shiver. Tait's judgment was somewhat faulty when he stayed behind Knox too long, but Knox was touted as the man he had to beat and no doubt the little West Enders could have won easily if he had not overestimated the Central man. When he did pass Knox the others came back quickly and in another jump he would have copped the honors from Selby. The judges deliberated for some time before reaching a decision but finally announced Selby winner. Tait certainly looks good enough for the Olympic team.

An innovation was furnished in the 2-mile steeplechase, an event which will be on the Olympic program. Harry Lawson of the West End was supposed to be the good one for this race, the wise guys doping it out on his build. Percy Sellen and Alf. Sellers, who had finished in front of Lawson in a four-mile flat race at the February meet didn't look the part as contenders in an "hospital race," and Harry seemed to be the one best bet. He was good all right but Central uncovered a sure enough "lepper" in Scholfield, who went away on the last lap and won easily, Lawson finishing second and Sellers third. Sellen couldn't negotiate the timbers and fell by the wayside early. Claude Pearce, of blizzard-run fame, started in this race but had too much avoirdupois to lift and was distanced. Before his great Hamilton-Toronto run Claude's attempts at running were a source of amusement to his club mates, who have been silent on the subject since then. However, the opinion was freely expressed Friday evening that Mr. Flanagan should induce him to try the weight-throwing or wrestling game, unless he can arrange for a 50 or 100 mile race for him occasionally. If Mr. Pearce attempted a run to the North Pole Toronto would back him to arrive there some day, but for anything under 50 miles he can hardly hope to get in the first three.

CENTRALS sprang another surprise in the two-mile walk, when Goulding, their distance runner, showed a familiarity with the heel-and-toe game that carried him to victory over Major, Jewell, Stacey and Beattie. Goulding got in easy with a 75 yd. handicap, but he was far the best and should make a clean-up this summer.

The 50 yd. sprint went to White, of the R.C.B.C., from 3 1-2 yd. mark. As usual the scratch men had no chance in this event.

The 440 brought out some good performers, but Bowron and Seibert, from 10 yds. and scratch respectively, couldn't have beaten their way through the bunch with an axe. This event, filling as it did Friday, should be run in heats. Sparks, Centrals,

with 40 yds., annexed first; White, R.C.B.C., second and Hitchen, R. C. B. C., third. Bowron was by far the best man in this race, but could not squeeze through.

The standing high jump, a dead event, went to White, R.C.B.C., who had 6 1-2 inches over George Barber, scratch. Barber was giving away too much, as in the jump-off for second Ross, Varsity, with 8 inches was good enough to cop.

Crawford, Centrals, won the three-quarter mile novice in handy fashion from W. E. Andrews, R.C.B.C., with Neilson, West End, third.

Hamilton provided the winner for the boy's race at one-third mile, Fraser, of that burg, taking the measure of Arthur Scholes, who is easily the best of the Toronto youngsters. Jifkins, West End, and Simpson, Centrals, made a close race for third, with the West Enders the best from the judges' view.

John Watson, West End, proved to be the best in the two-mile steeplechase for boys, although Hatrun, Centrals, and Skeene and Dymont, West End, gave him a race for the greater part of the distance. Watson had enough left for a run-away on the last lap, finishing 30 yds. in front of Hotrun, who had Dymont easy.

The relay race was all West End. Tait, Sparks, Skene, and McCutcheon, winning from the Central team composed of Crawford, Knox, Brydon and Galbraith. The R.C.B.C. team, Andrews, Hitchen, Selby and Young, were never contenders.

TWENTY ravenous timber wolves kept Tom and Patrick Murphy, trappers, up a slim tree in 'Silver' mountains all Friday night, says a despatch from Port Arthur. The thermometer was below zero, and the men were without overcoats. Two shots had failed to scare off the leaders of the pack, and the men had to hurry so up the tree that Tom tore off part of his clothes. Before the wolves scattered in the morning the men shot nine of them, for which they collected here to-day a bounty of \$135.

A RESOLUTION has been sent by the Saskatchewan Game Protective Association to Hon. Frank Oliver, Minister of the Interior, asking that the Dominion Government establish in Saskatchewan a park reserve for buffalo. The resolution points out that, while the plains of Saskatchewan were formerly the centre of the range of the buffalo in Canada, there is not now a single living buffalo in the province. It also points out that, although in Alberta the extensive Banff park, with its herd of buffalo and museum, has been established, and that near Edmonton the Elk Island Park has been reserved and fenced, no park has been given to Saskatchewan. The request is made that part of the herd of buffalo recently purchased by the Dominion in the United States be sent to that province. It is further suggested that the Moose Mountain timber reserve would make a first-class park, if fenced, and that a small herd of buffalo in addition to other big game animals might be advantageously preserved there.

The Game Protective Association is urging upon the Dominion and Provincial Governments the advisability of prohibiting the killing of game or carrying of fire arms within the forest reserves and thereby affording a sanctuary and breeding ground for game.

In the meantime the latest news of the Montana herd and the probability of their disposition is obtained from an interview with Mr. H. Douglas, superintendent of the Banff National Park. He stated at Revelstoke, B. C., recently that the herd of over 400 buffalo purchased from M. Pablo, the Montana rancher, last year and now in Elk Island Park at Lamont, Alberta, are doing splendidly in their new home. The big bull which escaped while the first shipment was being unloaded last June, and which was discovered several months later among some cattle in the Galacian settlement, south of Strathcona, defied all efforts to recapture him and had to be shot a few days ago. He was one of the finest specimens in the entire herd and the head and hide will be mounted and placed in the government collection.

Mr. Douglas says that as soon as weather conditions will permit the

work of fencing the new national park at Denbow, where the buffalo will be permanently located, will begin. It will require 60 miles of fence to enclose the tract of land which comprises six townships. It will be completed by autumn in preparation for the reception of the balance of the herd, numbering over 300 which are still on the Flathead Range in Montana. It is the present intention to ship these late in September, when the danger of loss from excessive heat and injury to calves has been largely eliminated.

The Song of the Puck.

I'M an ugly little disk of gutta percha,
With seams and gashes deep upon my face;
I swagger with the swiftest and the swellest.
I'm the idol of a stalwart, youthful race.

The thousands watch me breathless,
When the pulse of sport bounds free;
How I speed on airy pinions!
To their souls I'm melody.

O, the ice, the ice of Northland,
And the air so crisp and keen!
How it glints with frost-strewn diamonds,
I'm an opalescent sheen!

I loiter in complacency at the centre,
I spin with all the daring of a top;
I'm swifter than the winged-footed Hermes.
To catch me you must never, never stop.

With eagle eyes they watch me
When adown the ice I come,
And they slash me in their venom
In my reckless gauntlet run.

But I bid them all defiance,
And their ire at naught I set,
When I leap with lightning flash,
Then rest calmly in the net.

From end to end I travel,
In a break-neck, headlong pace,
Till the crowd is dumb with wonder
At the ardor of the race.

Though the Romans caught the glamor
Of the burning chariot wheel,
And the Greeks wove many a laurel
For their men of brawn like steel.

They ne'er knew the thrill ecstatic
Of the Northern winter air,
Nor drank my wild delirium
Beneath the arc-lights' flare.

I'm the spirit of the nation,
I'm young and strong and bold,
I'm prodigal of energy,
When tyrants seek to hold.

I separate the strong ones,
I sift them one by one;
Courage alone can follow
In the paths where my feet run.

Then ho! for ice of winter,
Ho! for the bounding blood,
Ho! for the joys of living
That come with that swelling flood.

So shall there rise a people,
Healthy, and sane and great,
Trampling upon dominion,
Aloft to a high estate.

Then when the flood gates open,
When comes your Thermopylae,
You shall stand in the breach, unconquered,
Victors, because of me.

A. B. C.
Ottawa, March, '08.

The author of the new play being rehearsed and the stage-manager were standing in the wings.

The stage was in darkness save for a strong ray of lime-light which illuminated the centre.

Presently, across the light portion, there tripped a sweet young damsel, aged about sixteen, whose hair was of a startling and suspicious golden hue.

"There goes the beloved of the gods," murmured the manager.

"Why do you call her that?" asked his companion.

"Oh, simply because she dyed so young," explained the manager, as he slipped away among the friendly shadows.—Answers.

A house hunter, getting off a train at a suburban station, said to a boy: "My lad, I am looking for Mr. Smithson's new block of semi-detached cottages. How far are they from here?" "About twenty minutes' walk," the boy replied. "Twenty minutes?" exclaimed the house hunter. "Nonsense! The advertisement says five." "Well," said the boy, "you can believe me or you can believe the advertisement; but I ain't tryin' to make no sale."—Argonaut.

Vicar—John, do you—er—ever use strong language? John (guardedly)—Well, sir, I—I may be a little bit



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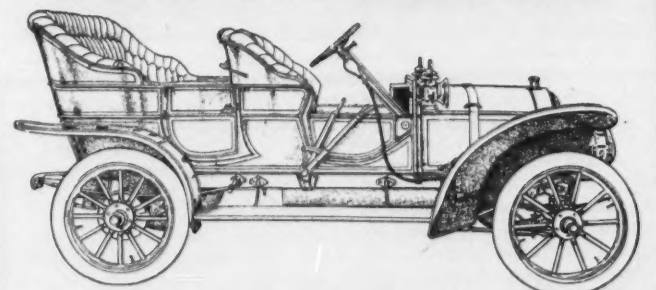


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keerless like in my speech at times. Vicar—Ah, I am sorry, John. But we will converse about that some other time. Just now I want you to go to the plumber's and settle this bill for four pounds ten for thawing out a waterpipe. And you might just talk to the man in a careless sort of way, as if it were your own bill!—Punch.

A DOG WITH A BAD NAME

By NORMAN DUNCAN

ON the Labrador coast, all dogs have bad names; nor, if the truth must be told, does the unhappy reputation do them injustice. If evil communications corrupt bad manners, the desperate character of Tog's deeds, no less than the tragic manner of his end, may be accounted for. At any rate, long before his abrupt departure from the wilderness trails and snow-covered rock of Fishing Harbor, he had earned the worst reputation of all the pack.

It began in the beginning; when Tog was eight weeks old—being then little more than a soft, fluffy, black-and-white ball, awkwardly perambulating on four absurdly bowed legs—his end was foreseen. Martha, Jim Grimm's wife, one day cast the lean scraps of the midday meal to the pack. What came to pass so amazed Jim Grimm that he dropped his splitting-knife and stared agape.

"An' would you look at that little beast!" he gasped. "That one's a wonder for badness!"

The snarling, scrambling heap of dogs, apparently inextricably entangled, had all at once been reduced to order. Instead of a confusion of taut legs and teeth and bristling hair, there was a precise half-circle of gaunt beasts, squatted at a respectful distance from Tog's mother, hopelessly licking their chops, while, with hair on end and fangs exposed and dripping, she kept them off.

"It ain't Jinny," Jim remarked. "You can't blame her. It's that little pup with the black eye."

You couldn't blame Jenny. Last of all would it occur to Martha Grimm, with a child or two of her own to rear, to call her in the wrong. With a litter of five hearty pups to provide for, Jenny was animated by a holy maternal instinct. But Tog, which was the one with the black eye, was not to be justified. He was imitating his mother's tactics with diabolical success; a half-circle of whimpering puppies, keeping a respectful distance, watched in gripped surprise, while, with hair on end and tiny fangs occasionally exposed, he devoured the scraps of the midday meal.

"A wonder for badness!" Jim Grimm repeated.

"Give a dog a bad name," quoted Martha, quick, like the woman she was, to resent snap-judgment of the young, "an'—"

"Hang un!" Jim concluded. "Well," he added, "I wouldn't be s'prised if it did come t' that."

In Tog's eyes there was never the light of love and humor—no amiable jollity. He would come fawning, industriously wagging his hinder parts, like puppies of more favored degree; but all the while his black eyes were alert, hard, infinitely suspicious and avaricious. Not once, I am sure, did affection or gratitude lend them beauty. A beautiful pup he was, nevertheless—fat and white, awkwardly big, his body promising splendid strength. Even when he made war on the fleas—and he waged it unceasingly—the vigor and skill of attack, the originality of method, gave him a certain distinction. But his eyes were never well disposed; the pup was neither trustful nor to be trusted.

"If he lives t' the age o' three," said Jim Grimm, with a pessimistic wag of his head, "I'll be more by luck than good conduct."

"Ah, dad," said Jimmie Grimm, "you jus' leave un t' me!"

"Well, Jimmie," drawled Jim Grimm, "it might teach you more about dogs 'n' you know. I don't mind if I do leave un t' you—for a while."

"Hut!" Jimmie boasted. "I'll master un."

"May be," said Jim Grimm.

It was Jimmie Grimm who first put Tog in the traces. This was in the early days of Tog's first winter—and of Jimmie's seventh. The dog was a lusty youngster, then; better nourished than the other dogs of Jim Grimm's pack, no more because of greater strength and daring than a marvelous versatility in thievery. In a bored sort of way, being at the moment lazy with food stolen from Sam Butt's stage, Tog submitted. He yawned, stretched his long legs, gave inopportune attention to a persistent flea near the small of his back. When, however, the butt of Jimmie's whip fell smartly on his flank, he was surprised into an appreciation of the fact that a serious attempt was being made to curtail his freedom; and he was at once alive with resentful protest.

"Hi, Tog!" Jimmie complained. "Bide still!"

Tog slipped from Jimmie's grasp and bounding off, turned with a snarl.

"Here, Tog!" cried Jimmie.

Tog came—stepping warily over the snow. His head was low, his king-

hairs bristling, his upper lip lifted. "Ha, Tog, b'y!" said Jimmie, ingratiatingly.

Tog thawed into limp and servile amiability. The long, wiry white hair of his neck fell flat; he wagged his bushy white tail; he pawed the snow and playfully tossed his long, pointed nose as he crept near. But had Jimmie Grimm been more observant, more knowing, he would have perceived that the light in the lanky pup's eyes had not mellowed.

"Good dog!" crooned Jimmie, stretching out an affectionate hand.

Vanished, then, in a flash, every symptom of Tog's righteousness. His long teeth closed on Jimmie's small hand with a snap. Jimmie struck instantly—and struck hard. The butt of the whip caught Tog on the nose. He dropped the hand and leaped away with a yelp.

"Now, me b'y," thought Jimmie Grimm, staring into the quivering dog's eyes, not daring to glance at his own dripping hand, "I'll master you!"

But it was no longer a question of mastery. The issue was life or death. Tog was now of an age to conceive murder. Moreover, he was of a size to justify an attempt upon Jimmie. And murder was in his heart. He crouched, quivering, his wolfish eyes fixed upon the boy's blazing blue ones. For a moment neither antagonist ventured attack. Both waited.

It was Jimmie who lost patience. He swung his long dog whip. The lash cracked in Tog's face. With a low growl, the dog rushed, and before the boy could evade the attack, the dog had him by the leg. Down came the butt of the whip. Tog released his hold and leaped out of reach. He pawed about, snarling, shaking his bruised head.

This advantage the boy sought to pursue. He advanced—alert, cool, ready to strike. Tog retreated. Jimmie rushed upon him. At a bound, Tog passed, turned, and came again. Before Jimmie had well faced him, Tog had leapt for his throat. Down went the boy, overborne by the dog's weight, and by the impact, which he was not prepared to withstand. But Tog was yet a puppy, unpracticed in fight; he had missed his grip. And a heavy stick, in the hands of Jimmie's father, falling mercilessly upon him, put him in yelping retreat.

"I 'low, Jimmie," drawled Jim Grimm, while he helped the boy to his feet, "that that dog is teachin' you more 'n you knowed."

"I 'low, dad," replied the breathless Jimmie, "that he teach'd me nothin' more 'n I forgot."

"I wouldn't forget again," said Jim.

Jimmy did not deign to reply.

Jim Grimm broke Tog to the traces before the winter was over. A wretched time the perverse beast had of it. Labrador dogs are not pampered idlers; in winter they must work or starve—as must men, the year round. But Tog had no will for work, acknowledged no master save the cruel, writhing whip; and the whip was therefore forever flecking his ears or curling about his flanks. Moreover, he was a sad shirk. Thus he made more trouble for himself. When his team-mates discovered the failing—and this was immediately—they pitilessly worried his hind legs. Altogether, in his half-grown days, Tog led a yelping, bleeding life of it; whereby he got no more than his deserts.

Through the summer he lived by theft when thievery was practicable; at other times he went fishing for himself with an ill will. Meantime, he developed strength and craft, both in extraordinary degree; there was not a more successful criminal in the pack, nor was there a more despicable bully. When the first snow fell, Tog was master at Fishing Harbor, and had already begun to raid the neighboring settlement at Ghost Tickle. Twice he was known to have adventured there. After the first raid, he licked his wounds in retirement for two weeks; after the second, which was made by night, he found a dead dog at Ghost Tickle.

Thereafter, Tog entered Ghost Tickle by daylight, and with his teeth made good his right to come and go at will. It was this that left him open to suspicion when the Ghost Tickle tragedy occurred. Whether or not Tog was concerned in that affair, nobody knows. They say at Ghost Tickle that he plotted the murder and led the pack; but the opinion is based merely upon the fact that he was familiar with the paths and lurking places of the Tickle—and, possibly, upon the fact of his immediate and significant disappearance from the haunts of men.

News came from Ghost Tickle that Jonathan Wall had come late from the ice with a seal. Weary with the

long tramp, he had left the carcass at the waterside. "Billy," he had said to his young son, forgetting the darkness and the dogs, "go fetch that swile up." Billy was gone a long time. "I wonder what's keepin' Billy," his mother had said. They grew uneasy, at last; and presently they set out in search for the lad. Neither child nor seal did they ever see again; but they came upon the shocking evidences of what had occurred. And they blamed Tog of Fishing Harbor.

For a month or more Tog was lost to sight; but an epidemic had so reduced the number of serviceable dogs that he was often in Jim Grimm's mind. Jim very heartily declared that Tog should have a berth with the team if starvation drove him back; not that he loved Tog, said he, but that he needed him. But Tog seemed to be doing well enough in the wilderness. He did not soon return. Once they saw him. It was when Jim and Jimmie were bound home from Laughing Cove. Of a sudden Jim halted the team.

"Do you see that, Jimmie, b'y?" he asked, pointing with his whip to the white crest of a nearby hill.

"Dogs!" Jimmie ejaculated.

"Take another squint," said Jim.

"Dogs," Jimmie repeated.

"Wolves," drawled Jim. "An' do you see the beast with the black eye?"

"Why, dad," Jimmie exclaimed, "tis Tog!"

"I 'low," said Jim, "that Tog don't need us no more."

But Tog did. He came back—lean and fawning. No more abject contrition was ever shown by dog before. He was starving. They fed him at the usual hour; and not one ounce more than the usual amount of food did he get. Next day he took his old place in the traces and helped haul Jim Grimm the round of the fox-traps. But that night Jim Grimm lost another dog; and in the morning Tog had again disappeared into the wilderness. Jimmie Grimm was glad. Tog had grown beyond him. The lad could control the others of the pack; but he was helpless against Tog.

"I isn't so wonderful sorry, myself," said Jim. "I 'low, Jimmie," he added "that Tog don't like you."

"No, that he doesn't," Jimmie promptly agreed. "All day yesterday, he snooped around, with an eye on me. Looked to me as if he was waitin' for me to fall down."

"Jimmie!" said Jim Grimm, gravely.

"Ay, sir?"

"You musn't fall down. Don't matter whether Tog's about or not. If the dogs is near, don't you fall down!"

"Not if I knows it," said Jimmie.

It was a clear night in March. The moon was high. From the rear of Jim Grimm's isolated cottage the white waste stretched far to the wilderness. The dogs of the pack were sound asleep in the out-house. An hour ago the mournful howling had ceased for the night. Half way to the fish-stage, whither he was bound on his father's errand, Jimmie Grimm, came to a startled full stop.

"What was that?" he mused.

A dark object, long and lithe, had seemed to slip like a shadow into hiding below the drying-flake. Jimmie continued to muse. What had it been? A prowling dog? Then he laughed a little at his own fears—and continued on his way. But he kept watch on the flake; and so intent was he upon this, so busily was he wondering whether his eyes had tricked him that he stumbled over a stray billet of wood, and fell sprawling. He was not alarmed, and made no haste to rise, but had he then seen what emerged from the shadow of the flake he would instantly have been in screaming flight toward the kitchen door.

The onslaught of Tog and the two

wolves was made silently. There was not a howl, nor a growl, not even an eager snarl; they came leaping, with Tog in the lead—and they came silently. Jimmie caught sight of them when he was half way to his feet. He had but time to call his father's name and he knew that the cry would not be heard. Instinctively, he covered his throat with his arms when Tog fell upon him; and he was relieved to feel Tog's teeth in his shoulder. He felt no pain; he was merely sensible of the fact that the vital part had not yet been reached.

In the savage joy of attack, Jimmie's assailants forgot discretion. Snarls and growls escaped them while they worried the small body. In the manner of wolves, too, they snapped at each other. The dogs in the out-house awoke, cocked their ears, came in a frenzy to the conflict; not to save Jimmie Grimm, but to participate in his destruction. Jimmie was prostrate beneath them all—still protecting his throat; not regarding his other parts. And by this confusion Jim Grimm was aroused from a sleepy stupor.

"I wonder," said he, "what's the matter with them dogs?"

"I'm not able to make out," his wife replied, puzzled, "but—"

"Hark!" cried Jim.

They listened. "Quick!" Jimmie's mother screamed. "They're at Jimmie!"

With an axe in his hand, and with merciless wrath in his heart, Jim Grimm descended upon the dogs. He stretched the uppermost dead. A second blow broke the back of a wolf. The third sent a dog yelping to the out-house with a useless hind leg. The remaining dogs decamped. Their howls expressed pain; in a degree to delight Jim Grimm and to inspire him with deadly strength and purpose. Tog and the surviving wolf fled.

"Jimmie!" Jim Grimm called.

Jimmie did not answer.

"They've killed you!" his father sobbed. "Jimmie, b'y, is you dead? Mother," he moaned to his wife, who had now come panting up with a broom-stick, "they've gone an' killed our Jimmie!"

Jimmie was unconscious when his father carried him into the house. It was late in the night, and he was lying in his own little bed, and his mother had dressed his wounds, when he revived. And Tog was then howling under his window; and there Tog remained until dawn, listening to the child's cries of agony.

Two days later, Jim Grimm, practising unscrupulous deception, lured Tog into captivity. That afternoon the folk of Fishing Harbor solemnly hanged him by the neck until he was dead, which is the custom in that land. I am glad that they disposed of him. He had a noble body—strong and beautiful, giving delight to the beholder, capable of splendid usefulness. But he had not one redeeming trait of character to justify his existence.

"I wonder why, dad," Jimmie mused, one day, when he was near well again, "Tog was so bad?"

"I s'pose," Jim explained, "'twas because his father was a wolf."

But that doesn't make any difference.—From The Outing Magazine for March.

An old lady about to hire a cab in London asked the cabman if he could take her to Trafalgar Square. The cabman replied, "No, mum, I can't and I wouldn't if I could, and the next time you want to eat onions bile 'em!"—Argonaut.

Tramp—Help me, lady, please. For three years I worked for the grand cause of temperance, ma'am. Lady—Were you a temperance orator? Tramp—No, ma'am; I was the horrible example.—Illustrated Bits.

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JOSEPH T. CLARK, Editor.

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!?! POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE !?!

The New Deputy Minister.

ANOTHER of the bright young men of the Civil Service has secured the reward of his years of faithful service, and incidentally it may be remarked that the policy of the Laurier Government is, wherever possible, to replace old and worn-out servants by young men of enthusiasm, is one which should be commended.

The announcement, long looked for, has at last been made that Mr. W. G. Parmelee has been superannuated, and that Mr. Francis Charles Trench O'Hara has been appointed in his place as Deputy Minister of Trade and Commerce. The new Deputy Minister comes of good stock. A son of the late Robert O'Hara, master-in-chancery of Chatham, Ont., he is also a grandson of the late Col. Walter O'Hara, K.T.S.P., of Toronto, who served in the British army throughout the Peninsula campaign, participating in all the great battles against Napoleon and being subsequently knighted by the Portuguese Government. His family genealogy contains the names of many men of action and prominence in the world's affairs. Among them may be mentioned Sir Richard Cartwright, to whom he is related on his mother's side; Robert O'Hara Burke, the Australian explorer; Sir Francis McClintock, the famous Arctic explorer; Chevin Trench, the author; Sir William Gregory, at one time Governor of Ceylon; Governor Dobbs of South Carolina, and Brigadier-General O'Hara, who surrendered Cornwallis' sword at Yorktown.

The new Deputy Minister has had an interesting and variegated career. Born at Chatham, Ont., on November 7, 1870, he attended the common school and the Collegiate Institute at Chatham. He entered the service of the Canadian Bank of Commerce in 1888, and served in the bank's offices at Chatham, Blenheim, Brantford, Windsor, and Walkerville. Tiring of bank life, in 1891 he resigned from the staff of the Bank of Commerce and went to Baltimore, Maryland, where he entered upon journalism and gained experience which was of great value to him in later years. He served first on the staff of The World, an evening newspaper, and then joined the staff of the Morning Herald, on which he had many exciting experiences. Among them was one which will live in his memory to his dying day. He was on board the United States cruiser Philadelphia during a sham fight when a big gun exploded and several seamen were killed. But probably his biggest journalistic feat was the obtaining from Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore of the interview on the Manitoba school question a few days before the general election of June 23, 1896, in which the head of the Roman Catholic church in the United States used the expression: "With such men as he (Laurier) the truth will prevail." This interview was published in the Toronto Globe, and created such an impression, that it was copied into every Liberal newspaper in Canada.

After the general elections of 1896, Mr. O'Hara resigned from the staff of the Baltimore Herald and returned to Canada as private secretary to Sir Richard Cartwright. With his banking and newspaper experience he soon proved himself to be the right man for the place. He brought to the duties of his position a newspaper man's idea of a public department, and soon made it apparent that he was determined to make the department



MR. F. C. T. O'HARA.

a factor in the progress of the Dominion. He organized the commercial agencies service, and soon infused into it such energy that its trade enquiries alone have grown from 566 in 1904 to 1,816 in 1907, while the number of trade addresses supplied has grown from 5 in 1899 to 9,594 in 1907. Every one of these represented a connection between a possible foreign purchaser and a Canadian seller or vice versa.

As part of his duties as superintendent of the Trade Commissioner service (for that is now its designation), he wrote a letter to the London Times, in which he urged the appointment of British commercial agents in Canada, which The Thunderer supported to the extent of a half column editorial, and as a direct result of which the recent tour of Canada by Mr. Richard Grigg was undertaken as the official representative of the British Board of Trade.

In addition to being an efficient Civil Servant, Mr. O'Hara is an enthusiastic soldier. He is captain of "F" company of the Governor-General's Foot Guards, which company last year won the cup donated by the C.O. as the best all-round company in the regiment. In addition, Mr. O'Hara is the honorary secretary of the Earl Grey musical and dramatic trophy competition which was so successfully inaugurated last year, and promises to be an even greater success this year. He is a member of the Rideau club, of the Ottawa Hunt and of the Rideau Curling club, so that it can be seen that the new Deputy Minister of Trade and Commerce is a man of remarkable versatility. And withal he is a charming companion and a born raconteur.

He has (outside of his numerous blue books) only one volume to his credit. It was entitled "Snapshots from Boy-Life," and was published soon after his return to Canada. It ran through one edition, and, then, to use the author's expression, "gave up the ghost," but those who remember it speak of it as an enjoyable volume to read and to recall.

Should Read the "Ads" in the Dailies.

IT is often said that Canadians are fond of aping the accent and customs of the Motherland; but there is one particular in which we might copy them to advantage, and do not. Any English housewife would be horrified at the manner in which Canadian servants instead of being properly trained, are, like Topsy, allowed to merely "grow up." A good old saying hath it that "the servant reflects the master," also the mistress. If this still holds good we can only hope that Canadian servants in general, and Toronto ones in particular, give a very distorted reflection.

Apocryph of the above was the experience of a young lady while making some calls, recently, in Rosedale. Passing the house of a certain fashionable dame, she remembered owing the lady a visit, and decided to pay it.

A smartly-uniformed maid answered her ring, to whom the young lady put the conventional question: "Is Mrs. Blank receiving to-day?"

To her mingled amusement and surprise the maid, regarding her with an "I pity and I scorn you" expression, replied in withering tones: "No, we are not receiving to-day. Didn't you see our advertisement in the society column?"

No Bride for Her.

HERE is another actual happening. One lady on making a call on another found her not at home, but left a message with the maid that she desired her mistress to attend a bride the following Wednesday afternoon.

"She can't come," said the maid.

The caller lifted her eyebrows. "She can't come? Well, give her my message and she will let me know."

"She can't come," repeated the maid, decisively.

"That's my afternoon off."

Sure enough she didn't go, nor send excuse, and subsequent enquiries revealed the fact that the matrimonial maid had solved the whole difficulty for her mistress by failing to mention that any such invitation had been left at her home during her absence.

"For Wags That are Dark."

THE wags of aldermen, as viewed from the standpoint of the municipal reporter, are peculiar. In fact he is not to have a very different standard of values from that of the electorate which sends him to the council. There is one alderman in Toronto who has an intimate acquaintance with the inside of a certain newspaper office, and who is permitted to drop in and write out interviews with himself and items about his doings. A few weeks ago the newspaper came out with an interview stating the line of action this civic father intended to pursue in connection with a certain very important public question. After the matter appeared the alderman saw fit to change his mind and to the astonishment of the reporter for the newspaper in question, he rose in council and renounced the interview he had written himself, saying that the newspaper had been misinformed and had mistaken his meaning. The editor was so amused and tolerant of municipal twists and twirls that he did not take the trouble to expose the alderman.

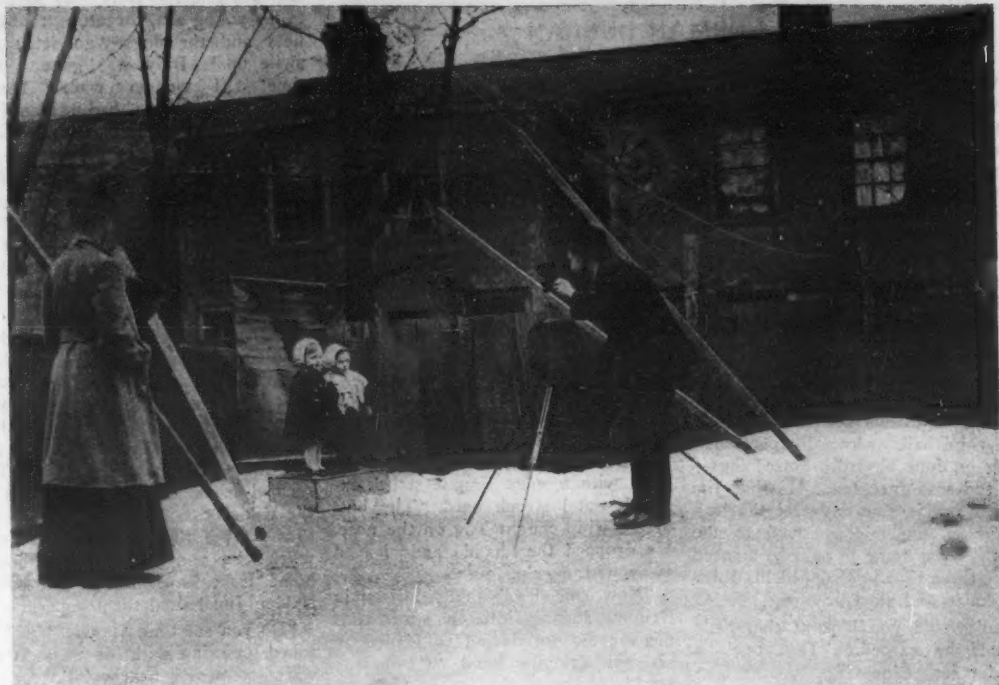
The Lord Mayor of Leeds.

THE Lord Mayor of Leeds this year is Wilfrid L. Hepton, who is well known to many Canadians, his wife being a St. Catharines lady. Mr. Hepton is a member of the Lambton Golf and Country Club, outside Toronto, and has a summer residence on Lake St. Joseph, in Muskoka. Mr. Hepton is also a great hunter and visits Canada not only for fishing but in search of big game. The new Lord Mayor's residence is a fine place, Newton Green Hall, near Leeds.

Getting News Under Difficulties.

THERE is one reporter in Toronto who holds a certain Anglican clergyman in kindly regard for his service in "helping him out" on a situation. Some important Anglican meeting and special service was being held in one of the city churches, and the reporter, who had several other assignments, arrived too late to hear the most important address of the occasion. Looking about, he espied a widely known clergyman of his acquaintance sitting alone in a quiet corner of the big edifice. He quietly approached him and told of his necessity. At the moment another speaker was delivering some unimportant remarks, and it was easy for the clergyman to whisper some data to the newspaper man. Presently, however, the service of the liturgy was resumed and the reporter who was in a hurry and anxious to get a gist of one particular speech, was in fear that he would have to wait an hour for the rest of his report. His difficulties were, however, solved by his friend of the cloth.

"Kneel down!" commanded the latter sotto voce. Then as the prayers proceeded he rapidly whispered in first-class newspaper style a summary of the address. At the proper



"NOW DON'T BE FRIGHTENED."

moment for responses he would come in sonorously with the proper phrase and then resume his dictation to the reporter. This was how it sounded: "Continuing, the speaker said that at least fifty ('And with thy spirit!') thousand dollars would be required to complete the work, etc."

"Cy" is in London.

A VERY interesting visitor who has just reached London is Mr. Cy Warman, the famous American writer of railway stories (says the London, Eng., Daily News). Mr. Warman wages a continual war against printers who persist in thinking his Christian name is a contraction for Cyrus or Cyril, where he is "Cy," as he says, without any full-stop. It is ten years since Mr. Warman was in London. Mr. Rudyard Kipling is one of the admirers of his railroad stories. He is also a charming delineator of natural history.

Doping the Racers.

AN expert Canadian horseman was the other day outlining to a party of friends the mystery of the "pill" of which amateurs who visit the race-track hear much about, but do not understand. All have seen the spectacle of a horse running on uncontrollably for several laps after a race is finished, and the verdict of the knowing is always that he has had a "pill." This is a form of sharp practice exceedingly difficult to bring home to the perpetrator, and never practiced with an animal on whom the owner or trainer sets any real value. As the horseman explained it, a rubber or perhaps the trainer himself, in swabbing out the horse's mouth preparatory to sending him to the post, deftly drops a powder on the animal's tongue. The properties of this drug are such that in ten or fifteen minutes the beast develops a very fever of activity, and his ordinary speed is increased in a manifold degree. Frequently the jockey is not told of the drugging in case it would upset his nerve.

"The proper time for the 'pill' to explode," said the horseman, "is just when the barrier is raised, but this does not always happen. Sometimes it 'explodes' too soon and manifests itself in all sorts of equine fireworks in the paddock and at the post. Then the poor doped brute sprints around the course like a dog. Sometimes it goes off too late and the horse manifests a keen desire to go out and win after the race is over. The funniest thing of the kind I ever saw occurred at Sheephead Bay. An old 'skate' was entered for a steeplechase and jogged along for the first mile and a half lengths behind. The jockey, with no anticipation that he would win, was merely pressing him on in the hope that some of the other horses might go down and entitle him to third place. All of a sudden, to the jockey's intense surprise, the horse commenced to run like a demon. He seemed to take the jumps twenty feet in the air, and overhauled the favorites one after another coming down the stretch like a steam engine. That last mile was probably the fastest ever run in a steeplechase, and the most startled man of all was the jockey. The crowd cheered as he made his superb finish, and the papers wrote up the great race in enthusiastic terms, but the old horsemen knew what it meant. It was just dope."

How he Dropped \$400.

IT is well known that Mr. W. A. Fraser, the Canadian novelist, obtained the material and atmosphere that has made his racing stories a success by practical acquaintance with the thoroughbred, the stable and the track. He was, in fact, the owner for a time of a string of racers. Mr. Fraser tells an interesting tale of how he lost \$400 on one of the tracks in the vicinity of New York. A good many racing men, however, would not mind incurring a similar loss under the same circumstances. One day Mr. Fraser was visiting his publishers in New York and decided to run out to the track. Looking over the programme on



his arrival, he noted that on the list for the next race was a filly whom he had seen running at Hamilton, Ont., a year previously. She had not won a race, but Mr. Fraser had liked her form and looks, and decided to watch her as a future proposition. He hurried to the betting ring to see the odds. The first bookie he encountered was offering 60 to 1 and Mr. Fraser at once tried his luck with a ten dollar bill. The horses were at the post when he got his ticket. Coming out of the pen the first man he encountered, as will sometimes happen in a big city, was another old boy of Georgetown, Ont., John Ryan, then the chief racing reporter of the New York Telegraph. "What did you bet?" asked Ryan.

Fraser named his choice, and said he had got sixty to one on her.

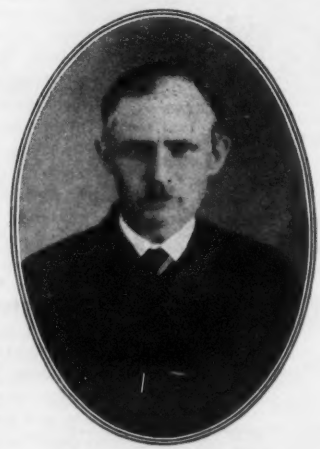
"You were cheated!" said Ryan. "Every other book

was offering her at 100 to 1. But it doesn't matter much, your money's gone anyway."

The horses by this time were in the stretch, and the little filly was running away from the bunch. As Mr. Fraser went to collect his \$610 he should have been hilarious, and he was in a limited degree, but the thought of the \$400 additional that should have been his rankled in his mind, and he couldn't get the idea out of his head that he had been cheated of the part of the just fruits of his knowledge and foresight.

A Zealous Collector of Fossils.

A MAN who has given all the years of his life to the unselfish pursuit of a hobby which increases the sum of human knowledge, is Mr. Joseph Townsend, whose picture is given here. Mr. Townsend used to publish the Dundalk Herald and the Grey Review in Durham, but



MR. JOSEPH TOWNSEND.

even in those days he used to spend every possible moment on his hobby—searching for fossils. For half a century he has carried hammer and chisel and has tramped in all corners of Ontario tapping the rocks, collecting and labelling his finds. When he enters a quarry or a river bed he is oblivious to all but his pursuit of geological specimens until he discovers, with a sigh, that darkness has fallen and to further continue his

labors might cause him to destroy some valuable specimen that he or another might secure another day.

Thousands of the fossils that Mr. Townsend has collected are in the Geological Survey at Ottawa and in the collections of Toronto and McGill Universities. It is perhaps fair to say that no other man in Canada has done such a vast amount of personal collecting, and nearly all this work he has done in half a century of discouragement and personal loss. A man more entirely unselfish in all respects it would be hard to find. During the past couple of years the authorities of the University of Toronto, recognizing his ability as a collector, have sent him out on summer trips, once down East and once out to the Western provinces—and these missions he has regarded as the great opportunities of his life. But his lifetime services have been in no way recognized or rewarded, although I feel sure, many who know the man's simple-minded devotion to his specialty and his ill-requited labors, will say that the country might, through the Geological Survey, grant him a pension, or offer him such an appointment as would enable him to devote his remaining days to the work in which he is so experienced.

In connection with the death of the King and Crown Prince of Portugal it is noted that the members of the house of Braganza have died two at a time since 1640, when the Braganzas came to the throne of Portugal. It is a matter of history that whenever death has entered the family two have been taken within a few hours or days.

Luther Burbank now promises a hardy banana that will grow in the north and thus enable the thrifty householder to step into his dooryard and gather sufficient fruit to make a delicious appetizer for the more serious things of the breakfast. This news ought to be received with some interest in Canada.

SOUR SONNETS OF A SOREHEAD

By JAMES P. HAVERSON

X.

IF LIFE is a lemon that is handed out To every man when he is very young, We are not wise that we are being strung Until it is too late to raise a shout; We never get a chance to pipe the tout Until the race is on, the gong has rung, And then we realize that we have been stung. Before we know it we are down and out. This is no vision of a dopey glow, And I will put you wise to what I mean. A special goldbrick has been handed me, And I can prove that what I say is so— To-day is Friday, and the date thirteen, It is my birthday and I'm 23!

THE PRESIDENT'S TELEGRAM

By DOUGLAS HALLAM

HONESTY is the best policy—especially in dealing with a newspaperman. For a newspaperman can annoy you while you are alive by showing up your vices, and damn you when you are dead by publishing your photograph under the pretence of rewarding virtues. Therefore, you can understand, that Nix was ill advised when he sold me worthless stock. For I now warn you solemnly, and after full consideration, not to buy Cobalt shares from Nix.

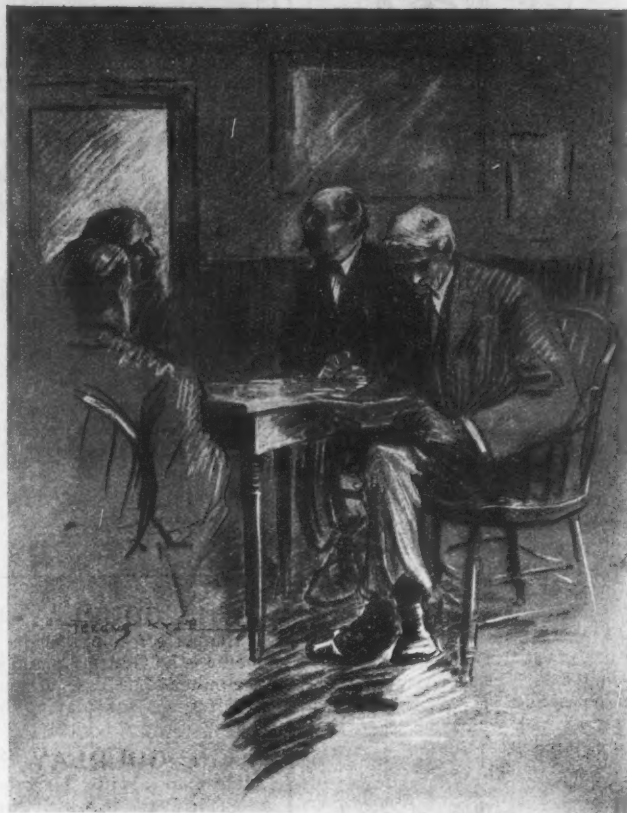
If you have money to gamble with, let your wife put it on a sure thing at the Woodbine, play bridge with my friend Mrs. Reave-Travers as a partner, or retain a lawyer to contest your great-grandmother's will—but don't let Nix persuade you to buy mining stock. It will be hard to resist his subtle attacks; he has a tongue that can persuade a City Editor to kill a live news item, an air that impresses even an American waiter, and the guile of the serpent hidden in a head crowned with the most respectable white hair. But Nix is a scoundrel. I know a great deal about him and know nothing that is good. I have a grip full of worthless mining scrip which he sold me; he swindled my father-in-law and he is wanted by the police. When he told me why he was wanted by the police I laughed with him over the affair—that was before he sold me a snowshoe claim. Now I shall tell what he told me and let all the world know just what kind of a man this Nix is.

They say out West that the Railway owns the country and that the man who would get ahead of the company must rise early. I do not know whether the Railway owns the country—it is quite possible that it does—but I know that Nix got ahead of the company, whether he rises early or not. And in doing so he caused more trouble than a Government tour or the visit of a foreign prince.

When Nix told the tale to me I did not altogether believe him. I said: "He is a clever man to think of such a thing, and I am a clever man when I recognize that it is just a clever story." Yet, when by chance, I met the president of the railway and told him about this man, he laughed, and said: "It's all true," and turned me over to a clerk in the Detective Department who showed me a file of telegrams two inches thick dealing with the matter. This clerk gave me much information about the affair, so that with the skeleton furnished by Nix, and the details supplied by the clerk, a complete tale may be unfolded.

Nix, when we first have to deal with him, was at an hotel in Edmonton, waiting for Providence to arrange for his transportation East. He had spent a very profitable fall and winter in the Northwest and saw no reason to change his quarters until he could do so under the most favorable conditions. And Providence arranged favorable conditions. Nix told me that in such things he always was lucky. I have no doubt that he spoke the truth.

Late one Friday night, while Nix was improving the shining hours playing poker with a friend and two strangers, a telegram was delivered to him. The game was stopped a moment while he tore the telegram open and read the message. When he had done so he said to himself: "This is rum." And when he had looked at the address and re-read the message, he said: "This is damn rum." For the telegram said: "Sending Montreal pass in your favor care of agent; the president's name being attached thereto. But having in mind the game of cards, he thrust the telegram into his pocket, forgot about it,



"This is rum."

the matter over. "Nix," said he, "Nix—G. Y. Nix—Senator Nix—that's it!" for he remembered that he had heard some strange stories of a Senator Nix, who was loose in the Rocky Mountains somewhere trying to cure his gout, mental paralysis, or whichever disease rich Senators are affected with. And having placed his man he said: "This telegram is certainly for him: what can I do with it?" Then there was another drink, another cigar, and another period of thought. And following this came a talk with the clerk, a study of time tables, and instructions for an early breakfast.

Next morning, after paying his bill—Canadian hotels have acquired the bad habit of keeping a black list—Nix went down to the station, took possession of the agent's office, showed that official the telegram, and said: "Where's my pass?" The agent, impressed by the President's name—he was just a new man on the job and nursed high ambitions—said that the pass had not arrived, but that he would telegraph to the District Superintendent at Calgary and enquire if the pass had been sent there. But the District Superintendent was not at Calgary. He was down south on the line inspecting a slough, which, fed by the heavy rains, was threatening to tie up the McLeod branch by engulfing two miles of the right-of-way. So no answer was received from the District Superintendent by train time. Whereupon the agent, as Nix said he was in haste to get to Montreal to transact important business, advised him to board the train, show the conductor the telegram, and take the matter up with the District Superintendent at Calgary. Meanwhile he, to facilitate matters, would enquire at the various divisional points as to the whereabouts of the pass.

So Nix boarded the train for Calgary and when the conductor demanded a ticket, produced the telegram and waved it at him. The conductor merely grunted. Then he took the form and read the message. When he finished he grunted again. But he left Nix in peace and dispatched a telegram from Red Deer to the Chief Dispatcher at Calgary, explaining the situation and asking for authority to carry Nix to the end of his run. The Chief Dispatcher, upon receiving this message, wired to the Division Superintendent, whom he caught at a way station, explained the situation to him, and asked for instructions. The Division Superintendent, suffering from the effects of drinking alkali water, and having his head full of plans for keeping his right-of-way open, took hold of the key himself and advised the Chief Dispatcher to please settle this business about this man Nix himself, or take up the question with the General Superintendent of the western division, who had nothing to do anyway, but sit around and see his subordinates do their work properly. So the Chief Dispatcher, who had once received a reprimand from a higher official for assuming too much authority, instead of settling the matter himself, tried to get into communication with the General Superintendent. But this important man had gone none knew whither—he was finally caught at Medicine Hat—and it was some time before authority was received from him for the issuing of transportation for Nix as far as Calgary.

Meanwhile Nix had travelled towards Calgary as fast as the lightly-ballasted roadway and the stray cattle would permit, and duly arrived. He went to see the Chief Dispatcher, flourished the telegram, and said: "Where's my pass?" The Chief Dispatcher answered that he was taking the matter up with Montreal and that Nix had better wait until an answer was received from headquarters. But Nix said: "I am in a hurry." And he expressed views concerning the management of the road which made the Chief Dispatcher, who thought that the system was perfect, gasp. And then he departed, leaving the Chief Dispatcher trying to get into communication with his General Superintendent, and boarded the Eastern Flyer, which leaves Calgary on Monday at 24.30.

Once upon this train he showed the telegram to the conductor, obtained an upper berth—pass holders are entitled to any empty upper berth—and fell into that untroubled sleep which pessimists would have us believe is the reward of virtue only. And while he slept the conductor, at the first opportunity, telegraphed to the Chief Dispatcher at Calgary, explained the situation, and asked for instructions. That much worried man—although he was a member of the church—when he received this message, swore, shouldered the responsibility, and answered shortly: "Carry Nix to Medicine Hat." And he also telegraphed to the General Superintendent: "Nix gone forward without transportation; see you at Medicine Hat." Whereupon the General Superintendent re-

plied: "Who is Nix? Advise fully." Which made the Chief Dispatcher, wild with fury, send an answer which a discreet operator changed to "Ask him." But the General Superintendent did not receive this message, for he boarded the westbound express and passed the train containing the sleeping Nix between stations. And so Nix went through Medicine Hat in his berth without being awakened. For the sleeping-car porter—he is the man who, when his car had rolled down a thirty-foot embankment and injured passengers, wired into headquarters, after running five miles to do so: "Car Breton wrecked, porter uninjured"—had seen the telegram, and before going off had said to the new porter: "President's friend in upper No. 6."

When the train passed through Medicine Hat it entered upon the Central Division and the officials of the Western Division breathed easier. The new train conductor was shown the telegram. He immediately telegraphed from a way-station to the Chief Dispatcher at Moose Jaw, explained the situation and asked for instructions. The Chief Dispatcher telegraphed the Division Superintendent, who was out on a tour of inspection, and asked for authority. The District Superintendent replied: "Carry Nix to Moose Jaw," and said that the General Superintendent of the Central Division, at Winnipeg, should be notified. This was done. The General Superintendent issued a telegraph pass for Nix from Moose Jaw to Winnipeg and telegraphed a report of the whole affair to Montreal. The office at Montreal, which had been carrying on a long-range conference concerning this pass with Calgary and Moose Jaw, replied that they begged permission to point out to the Central and Western Division officials that the pass had been forwarded to Edmonton. This being so, and Nix arriving at Winnipeg, the Second Vice-President sent him a Winnipeg-Montreal pass, and advised Montreal that: "Senator Nix is on train 96 from Winnipeg this date." And the General Superintendent, being told to look after Nix, instructed the D. and S. C. department to see that the distinguished traveller got every comfort and the best of attendance.

In much state then, and raised to Senatorial dignity, our adventurer, Nix, left Winnipeg. And thereupon a great peace enveloped the road.

But the peace lasted only a short time. The real Senator Nix telegraphed from the Kootenay Lakes to the President; the President telegraphed to the Vice-President; at Winnipeg; the Vice-President telegraphed to the General Superintendent of the Western Division; the General Superintendent saw the Chief Dispatcher at Calgary, who telegraphed to the agent at Edmonton. Thereupon the agent telegraphed a description of Nix to Montreal—and the whole road was once more worried about this man. The Detective Department received orders to arrest him. But they did not do so. For Nix, arrived at North Bay on Thursday night, just before the police there received his description, bought a ticket over the Government line to Haileybury, and disappeared in the mining district.

A short time ago he turned up here.

If Nix had treated me on the square I would not have published this exposure. And if I did not publish this exposure Nix would be able to remain in Canada, instead of being forced to go to the United States, where people are of an unbelieving and selfish nature.

All of which goes to show that honesty is the best policy—especially in dealing with a newspaperman.

STORIES ABOUT NOTABILITIES

From P. T. O., London

IN the whole romance of the peerage no more curious episode will be found than that which relates to the Earl of Egmont, who was once a member of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade. This fact was recalled by a visit he made to the headquarters of the London Fire Brigade the other day. Born in New Zealand fifty-two years ago, the Earl, as a boy, was a cadet on the Worcester training ship, but he left it to serve before the mast. He was not destined to be a sailor, however, and in 1881, when he left the sea, he joined the Metropolitan Fire Brigade. After six years' service he became caretaker at Chelsea Town Hall, but an amusing incident occurred which cut short his career as a fireman. He turned the firehose on a rowdy meeting, and for this demonstration he was prosecuted. The case was, however, dismissed, but the Earl's defence cost him £12. He applied to the Vestry for payment of the bill, but they declined, leaving the noble fireman to pay the piper, since he himself had played the tune! But fortune had not deserted him, for just at this moment he was left a legacy of £8,000, and he signaled this piece of good luck by giving a banquet to the poor people who lived about the Town Hall. Then he gave up care-taking and started a cement business. It did not succeed, however, and he next became a salt-miner in Cheshire. Nor did this occupation prove congenial to this aristocratic workman, and the £8,000 having become exhausted, he went to South Africa in search of another fortune. He succeeded to the Earldom in 1897, and returned to England soon afterwards. There is no direct heir to the title, the holder of which has had so romantic a career.

Queen Alexandra is having much amusement (so the story runs in an American contemporary) with the imitation rubies which she, possessing some of the most magnificent jewels in Europe, can dare to wear. She rarely wore anything but pearls and diamonds formerly, so the rubies attract the more attention and arouse admiration, which the Queen perfectly understands is not provoked entirely by their beauty. When anyone praises the rubies Her Majesty says, as if much gratified: "Do you like them? Yes, they are very fine, aren't they? Beautiful!" But then she adds smiling: "Between you and me, they are imitation." The rubies are such astonishingly good counterfeits that only an expert in gems can discover that they are false. The Duchess of Roxburghe, the Queen's close friend, bought some of the rubies from a foreign peddler for a joke, and then Alexandra first saw them. She purchased some, too. I particularly like in this story the little familiar touch "between you and me."

The latest bulletin of Tolstoi's health, according to The Figaro, speaks of him as taking every day a long walk, and being able to read his enormous correspondence, to which he sends punctual replies. Mme. Wanda Landowska, the eminent musician, speaks from personal experience of the wonderful alertness of his mind and body. She was giving recitals in Moscow of ancient French music, and used the clavichord as instrument. Tolstoi expressed a wish to hear her. She at once journeyed to his home, and remained there several days. Tolstoi was delighted more particularly with the old popular French dances. He said: "Hearing that ancient music is not

only a joy to me, but it is the confirmation of all my ideas of art. It takes me to another world. I close my eyes, and I can believe I am living in the last century—nearly my century, Madame, for I am more than eighty years of age."

Rockefeller and Andrew Carnegie have a little more time for the selection of their clothes now than they used to have since John D. is not so active as he used to be, and the canny Scotchman has plenty of time to visit his tailor without interrupting the work of giving away his millions. But the habit of indifference to dress was so deeply rooted during the years that neither Rockefeller nor Carnegie had time for such trifling things that they cannot outgrow it. Nevertheless, Andrew Carnegie dresses much better now than he used to, and although he always wears square-toed shoes and never has his trousers pressed, he buys at least two suits a year in addition to his plaid golfing costume and evening clothes.

There is an 18-in. model in bronze of the first English breech-loading cannon, the famous Armstrong gun. It is a practical working model, and it is reported that around the age of ten years the then Prince of Wales used often to fire it under the tutelage of a veteran sergeant of artillery. Another notable toy is a model schooner made from the keel to vane by William IV., the sailor king, who preceded Victoria on the throne. It is only a foot long, but it is a remarkably neat and perfect specimen of amateur workmanship. The King's brother, the Duke of Edinburgh, later of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and the present Prince of Wales, both destined for the Navy, are said to have used it as a plaything in their boyhood days.

SOMETHING unusual in the way of hotel decoration has been undertaken by Mr. Charles E. Ireson, of the Russell House, Yonge street, Toronto. The kind of art displayed in hotels is—with a few notable exceptions—of a loud character, but Mr. Ireson had ideas of his own on the subject, and engaged Mr. W. A. Sherwood to paint a number of life-size, half-length oil paintings for the walls of the hotel rotunda. Portraits are already on the walls of King Edward VII., George Washington, President Roosevelt, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Sir John A. Macdonald, John Sandfield Macdonald, George Brown Joseph Brant, Tecumseh, Yellow Bird a Sioux Brave, and "A Klondyke Miner." These fine old paintings in Sherwood's best style and handsomely framed, give the rotunda of the Russell House a character all its own, and it is probable that a start having been made in this direction the example may be followed by others.

Mr. Churchill, in his brilliant article in The Strand on his African journey, from which we quote elsewhere, tells an exciting story about his first rhinoceros. He says: "The rhinoceros stood about 500 yards away, in jet black silhouette; not a twentieth-century animal at all, but an odd, grim straggler from the Stone Age. I fired. The thud of a bullet which strikes with an impact of a ton and a quarter, tearing through hide and muscle and bone with the hideous energy of cordite, came back distinctly. The large rhinoceros started, stumbled, turned directly towards the sound and the blow, and then bore straight down upon us in a peculiar trot, nearly as fast as a horse's gallop, with an activity surprising in so huge a beast, and instinct with unmistakable purpose. In all the elements of neurotic experience, such an encounter seems to me fully equal to half an hour's brisk skirmish at six or seven hundred yards—and with an aimist addition. In war there is a cause, there is duty, there is the hope of glory, for who can tell what may not be won before night? But here at the end is only a hide, a horn, and a carcass over which the vultures have already begun to wheel."

Lord Cromer, the man who put Egypt on a sound footing, was sixty-seven years old a few days ago. Lord Cromer was always a man of deeds rather than of words. This earned for him the nickname of "Sparing"—a play upon his family name of Baring. During his earlier days in Egypt, the Khedive soon found that he was not a man to be trifled with. The Englishman had made a dead set at bribery and corruption, and on this account demanded the dismissal of a high official, who was a personal friend of the Khedive. The latter refused point-blank. Lord Cromer's reply was brief, but significant. "If I have not the order of dismissal in five minutes," he said, "I will cable to England, announcing my return, and stating the reason." When he ultimately left the palace he carried with him the desired document, and the Khedive knew he had met his master.

Many well known men have favored mottoes which they endeavor to live up to, and, curiously enough, says Tit-Bits, some of them are particularly applicable to their professions. "Speech is silver, silence is golden," is the maxim which Sir George Lewis, the famous solicitor, always bears in mind. "Tell the truth and shame the devil" is Mr. Labouchere's appropriate motto, while Sir John Fisher first senior lord, adopts the significant words: "The frontiers of England are the coasts of the enemy." John Burns is fond of the saying: "The world is my country and to do good is my religion;" while the Premier, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, gives the text of St. Paul as his motto: "All things are lawful unto me, but all things are not expedient."

The Earl of Elgin, who met with an accident recently, while engaged in tree-felling on his Fifeshire estate, is a grandson of the peer who took the famous Elgin marbles to England, and is directly descended from Robert Bruce. Lord Elgin was born in Canada when his father, the eighth earl, was Governor-General, but he went to England as a boy and was educated at Eton and at Oxford. In 1894 he was made Viceroy of India, a post he held during a time of great distress and famine. As a reward for his services, the late Queen Victoria made him a Knight of the Garter, and this was one of the last honors her Majesty ever bestowed.

Circulars have just been issued announcing the annual free distribution of seed crops by the Experimental Department of the Ontario Agricultural College. Any farmer in the province may take his choice of thirty varieties of grains, roots, clovers, etc., tested at the Experimental Farm, and conduct his own experiment. This co-operative work has produced very favorable results. The varieties distributed this year are those which have been tested as the best of 2,200 varieties of farm crops experimented with at the Farm during recent years.

There's nothing, remarks the Winnipeg Tribune, like a touch of adversity to make people turn their attention to the affairs of state. It is a time when the incompetent office-holders shake in their boots.



The new train-conductor was shown the telegram.

plunged into the game again, and in two hours had effected a pleasing change in the respective cash balances of the various players.

But once the game had broken up Nix drew the message from his pocket and examined it. The wording was clear enough, it was certainly signed by the president, and it was his own name on the cover. It is true that one of the initials had got changed from H. to Y, but this was a mistake easily made by a typewriter or a telegraph operator, for on a universal keyboard the Y is just above the H, and in the Morse code two dots, a space and two dots stands for Y; and four dots for H. But in spite of all this, Nix—who is a clear headed man who does not mince matters—said: "This telegram is not for me; who can it be for?" And then he called for a drink, lit a cigar, and sat down in an easy chair to think

K
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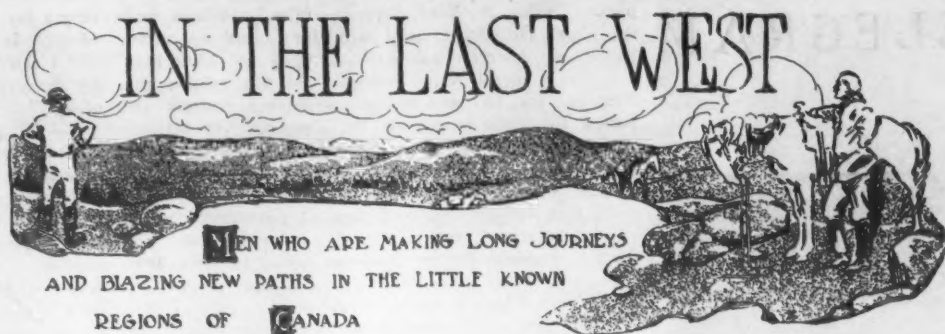
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in Shoe Styles."

The radical type of golf enthusiast is exemplified in the retort of a St. Andrews caddie to the university professor: "Onybody can teach a wheen loons Latin and Greek, but gowf, ye see, gowf requires a heid."—Argonaut.

Henry J. Byron, one of the wittiest of English playwrights of a score of years ago, remarked on one occasion: "A play is like a cigar. If it's good, everybody wants a box. If it's bad, all the puffing in the world won't make it go."—Argonaut.



Men who are making long journeys
and blazing new paths in the little known
regions of Canada

THE interesting picture on this page, which gives ocular proof of the fertility of the far northland of Canada, shows part of a farm at Fort Providence, on the Mackenzie river. This photograph was taken on July 15, 1906, and it will be seen that at that date wheat and potatoes were maturing finely there. The wheat is "in the milk" and the potatoes are in flower. Fort Providence is near Slave Lake, in latitude 61.25. This is 917 miles by travelled route from Athabasca Landing and about 550 further north than Edmonton. Mr. Elihu Stewart, formerly of Collingwood and now of Ottawa, who was for some time Superintendent of Forestry for the Dominion Government, and who travelled the far west and north of Canada extensively in 1902 and in 1906, in giving evidence before the Parliamentary committee, whose report on "Canada's Fertile Northland" is so full of astonishing information regarding our great unexploited regions, says that wheat at Fort Providence which develops by July 15 to the extent that we see by the photograph, is sown about May 20. This, as he says, seems incredible until we recall that there is scarcely any darkness during summer there. There are about twenty hours of sunlight each day, and the

lake about September 15. They are caught by the Hudson Bay Company, the missions and some Indians. They use fish to feed the dogs, men and everything. It is the staple food of the country, or was the year witness was there. They catch the fish at all seasons, but late in the fall is the particular time for catching them for the winter supply. They get salmon trout there also. At the Fort he had them weighing fifteen to twenty pounds and they told stories of catching them forty pounds in weight. There was one King salmon caught at Fort Providence—but only one. They also get pike or jack fish. Witness did not know about pickerel.

The inconnu is a fine fish, and is caught all the way along the Mackenzie, and up the Slave river as far as the rapids. It is a large fish weighing from ten to twenty pounds.

There is a lot of fur in the country—martens, fox, beaver, otter, bear. You do not get the barren lands cariboo along the river, but once you get west to the semi-barren land, you get cariboo in tremendous numbers. There is a herd of buffalo west of the Athabasca, another herd north of Fort St. John, and another a little further north. Witness does not think any person knows how numerous these herds are, but they are not



Farm Scene in the Far North

This photograph was taken at Fort Providence on the Mackenzie River, 550 miles north of Edmonton, on July 15, 1906. Potatoes are shown in the foreground, and wheat in the rear. The wheat was sown on May 20. This gives an excellent idea of the rapid growth of crops and the fertility of the soil of this region.

heat is greater than Mr. Stewart ever experienced in Ottawa. In July, 1906, along the lower Athabasca and at Fort Chipewyan, Mr. Stewart and his party had it over 100 in the shade for several days. The hot wave extended to the Arctic sea, and Arctic heat was entirely unexpected. At Fort Providence he found not only wheat and potatoes, but all kinds of garden vegetables and fruits being grown. At Fort Good Hope, still further north, he also saw vegetables flourishing, the soil being very fertile. The country thereabouts is fine and wooded.

In reference to the timber of this district, Mr. Stewart explained that spruce suitable for commercial purposes grows to the Arctic sea. He was astonished to find that the limit of tree growth extended as far north as it does. He thought it extended probably ten degrees further north in this district than in Labrador. The different kinds of trees that we have in the Mackenzie basin include white spruce, black spruce, the larch or tamarack, which is found as far north as the spruce, the jack pine and the balsam. Mr. Stewart did not see any balsam in the Arctic circle, aspen, white poplar, balsam of Gilead and birch are all found down as far as Fort Macpherson. The natives make their canoes out of birch bark at Fort Macpherson. The size of the timber becomes less as you get towards the north. There is timber growing near the junctions of the Peace and Slave rivers, probably fourteen inches in diameter. Below Fort Good Hope the timber is smaller. Some of it has been made into flooring and lumber is made from the timber there. There is a large supply of spruce suitable for pulp.

THERE are great quantities of white fish in nearly all the lakes of the Mackenzie valley. Mr. R. G. McConnell, Dominion Geologist, wintered at Fort Providence, just below Great Slave Lake, and in ten days there were about one hundred and forty thousand fish caught. They come into the shallow part of

very numerous. He saw the tracks of one herd. There are large timber wolves all through that country. He had not heard whether the wolves were destroying the young of the buffalo.

MR. CONROY, of the Department of Indian Affairs, remarked, before the Parliamentary Committee investigating the resources of the far north, that he was down at Fort Providence at the mission five years ago. They have a splendid farm about latitude 62.30, and Mr. Conroy saw beautiful crops of wheat, oats, barley and peas. He left there on July 28, and their barley was fit to cut, and they were cutting it. Their oats and wheat would be ready to cut in a day or two from the looks of it, and the priest later told him all their grain was cut without a bit of frost. July 28 is very early to harvest crops, but you would not think so up there. They have lots of sunlight. One could sit out all night and read. The altitude is low, and you can see the reflection of the sunset and sunrise. The witness was not far enough north to see the midnight sun. They can grow all kinds of wild fruit in that country, but not apples. The witness got very fine strawberries at Fort Providence, and there were raspberries, blueberries and cranberries also. The furthest north witness had seen apples was at Edmonton. They might grow further north.

NORTH of Fort Providence, is Fort Simpson, where the Laird river comes in. Fort Simpson is on an island, the confluence of the two rivers, and the Hudson Bay Company for probably two years have raised barley and vegetables at that point. In some years they might raise wheat, but not every year.

One hundred and forty miles north of Fort Simpson is Fort Wrigley. That is where Mr. Bredin, M. P., wintered one winter, and in the spring they put in a garden there. The Hudson Bay Company officials plant gardens every year at this point. The spring that Mr. Bredin

was there they got their seed potatoes from Fort Good Hope, which is fourteen miles south of the Arctic circle. They went there because they had no seed, having used up their seed during the winter. Mr. Bredin saw those potatoes. They were a played out seed, a white-blue variety. They were not the improved potato that we have in this part of the country, but they were a fair size. They had the same class of potatoes at Hay River, but since that they got in a new seed, the Early Rover seed, from outside, and they grow very much better crops with the new seed than with the old. The season there is quite long enough, because the sun shines there during all the growing season. That is the great secret of the growth in that country.

On the Mackenzie river the trees leaf out almost in a few hours. The quickness with which the leaves appear on the trees in the spring is simply marvellous.

The witness was never up the Laird valley, but heard a great deal about it at Fort Simpson, and he had seen the journals of the Hudson Bay Company that were kept at Fort Laird, 200 miles up the Laird river. From these sources he gathered that they raised all the cereals there, such as wheat, oats and barley, as well as all the vegetables of the commoner varieties.

At Fort Simpson, Mr. Bredin saw cauliflowers, cabbage and cucumbers growing under exactly the same conditions as they would grow them in Northern Alberta. The cucumbers were simply planted in a hot bed, and allowed to remain there protected in the early spring from the frost and then allowed to grow in the hot beds, with the sashes off, in the summer time.

The trees throw out their leaves in the Mackenzie basin about the middle of May, before the ice goes out of the river. The year the witness was there the ice went out of the Mackenzie at Fort Wrigley on May 23, and the trees were all out in leaf before that time.

THE far north of Canada is a land of tragedy. The other day a vessel, the steamer Princess May, from the north, entered the port of Vancouver with evidence thick about her, as a despatch from that city puts it, of the harsh law which nature sometimes deals out to those who brave the wild beyond the progressive circle of advanced civilization. The steamer was four days late. Two nights were lost, hove to, in a blinding snowstorm, and for two days, headwinds, a boisterous sea and foul weather made progress impossible. The ship's company describe the trip, by all odds, the stormiest and one of the most perilous the boat has ever made on the northern run. Superstitious members of the crew naturally attribute her ill-luck to the fact that on her way down she carried two dead men and a maniac. One of the bodies was that of a lawless brawler, who "drew" too slow. The deceased brawler was Norman L. Smith who was a sort of business partner and "chum" of a man named Reed, who, like Smith, was seeking for experience in the north. Up to about a year ago the pair pulled very well together, and the end of the drift over the hinterland found them on a little place outside Juneau, Alaska. There the harmony of the relations which had been maintained between them for a reasonably long time as time and harmonious relations in the north was reckoned was broken.

The rift in the lute of their friendship was not ominous at first. It was no more than the matter of conflict opinion over the shooting of a deer. It widened and deepened, till, one unlucky day, Smith, with down east Yankee impetuosity drew his gun—just a bit too slow. He fell through his heart. Reed spent some time in jail, but a settlement was ultimately effected on the "kill or be killed" hypothesis, and the thing was forgotten. Paternal love for an impulsive, headstrong son brought a quiet, genial old man from his home at Bangor, Maine, to recover the body of his boy from its lone grave in the white frozen land, and take it to the home burial ground by the turbulent waters of the Androscoggin River.

The most painful incident of the

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landing was the bringing ashore of a maniac man, whose reason had given out under the terrible strain of loneliness. Captain "Jack" Williamson is a well known riverman, trapper and prospector. In former days he was master of a steamboat on the Yukon, but he hit the trail for the big strikes, and, latterly, devoted most of his time to trapping, going after the furs himself. He fought against impaired health, mental and physical, longer than he should have, and when he was brought down to Vancouver he was glare-eyed and bearded like a wild man. On the way down he had shown some signs of using the power of his six-foot frame to free himself, and his elbows had been strapped and his feet chained. The fine, burly Mounted Policeman showed the utmost consideration in handling him. The stricken man all the time kept up a low, weird call like a trapped animal moaning in helplessness. He was taken to the provincial asylum at New Westminster.

A CHOICE OF ROUTES.

The Allan Line offers to its patrons during the St. Lawrence season of 1908, direct lines of steamers from Montreal to Glasgow, Liverpool, London and Havre. Turbine steamers on Liverpool service, new twin screw steamers to Glasgow, and an improved moderate rate service (one class cabin) to Havre and London, give a choice of routes not available by any other line. Send for sailings and full particulars as to rates to General Agency, The Allan Line, 77 Yonge street, Toronto.

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She—Try the waiter with some of your French, dear. He—By all means. Gass-on! Gass-on! Waiter—No, sir, only the electric light.—M. A. P.

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Is not artificially charged with gas (carbonated) as are some ales, but is allowed to mature in the natural way. Not pasteurized, it retains the delicate flavor and aroma of the hops and malt. Taken before meals, it stimulates the appetite and prevents constipation.

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is quite distinct from any other. It possesses the remarkable property of rendering milk, with which it is mixed when used, quite easy of digestion by infants, invalids and convalescents.

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She also improves her figure by using this, the only perfect hose supporter on the market.

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Russia is becoming a great buyer on British grown teas. Partly owing to the enormous increase in the quantity they are using, the price of tea at the gardens has advanced greatly during the past year, making it necessary for the "Salada" Tea Co., in order to maintain the high standard of quality for which "Salada" is noted, to advance the price of "Brown Label" from 25c. to 30c. per pound.

Lady Gay's Column

A MAN has written asking me how homelike feelings can be indulged in when he has only a small unattractive room in a boarding house as his local habitation, and is busy all day long at his work away from it. Under these circumstances it almost looks as if it would take a woman to be equal to diffusing a homelike feeling for Sundays and evenings. That's just when one needs it most. But even a man, who is alone from necessity, not choice, can and often does have a very homelike little den, even in that least of all possible limits, a hall bedroom. I know a man who has a bedroom seven feet wide and ten feet long. Its lofty enough, but you will admit its a trifle cramped crosswise. There is a lounging chair across the window, it's a big wide window, a corner wardrobe behind the door, with a lovely old curtain across it, and a row of books on top of it, a nice little table, and a square trunk which is covered with a thin mattress and a cretonne slip, and two big cretonne cushions set up at the back. The man has a drop light on his gas jet, and a girl made him a simply lovely shade which lies over the porcelain one he got with the drop light. He has a fussy net curtain on a brass rod, over the lower panes of his window, a good blind, and a gathered frill of the same lovely soft red brocade that shields his other suit in the corner wardrobe, drops half way down the window from above. An old red rug is on the floor. To look in upon this man, as he lounges in slippers and bathrobe (his saving for a dressing jacket) and reads his evening paper, or a magazine some one has sent him, you'd be sure to say, "Doesn't he look comfy and contented?" Where does he sleep? Well, that's what I used to long to ask him, but one day I happened to notice two large strong hooks, painted white, and unobtrusively set about six feet from the floor, one in the window frame, the other behind the door. "Where," said I, with assurance, "do you keep your hammock?" He shut the door, and on the back of it hung the canvas hammock, folded up double and bulging with sheets and blankets folded to the smallest compass. "If I want a pillow," said he, finging the door open again, "those on my sofa (the square trunk!) are stuffed with the finest goose down. Mother gave them to me when I set up shop here." I don't ever remember to have seen a more homelike and cosy little nook than that seven-by-ten hall bedroom.

Pictures can be horrid or homelike, so can wall-paper. I blame wall paper for many of the tantrums and tempers and ills of life, and an occasional suicide. A man who had a terrible attack of brain fever once told me the first thing he did when he was able to get out of bed was to have a paper hanger scrape off the wall-paper which had often driven sleep from his eyes and sense from his head in that terrible siege of illness. "I always hated that paper," he said, "but no tongue can tell what I endured because of it, while I was ill." Pictures and wall-paper of the right sort can be helped to make life happy by little words of the right tone. W. E. Henley's "Invictus," which hangs above my desk always, is a first-class bracer. "It matters not how straight the gate, how charged with punishments the scroll, I am the master of my fate, I am the captain of my soul." That would not backbone into boiled macaroni! It has often stiffened mine when I felt wilted. Personally I prefer "sacred" pictures in my chambre a coucher. A curious thing happened on account of this preference the other day, when a very smart little Tipperary man came to do some work for me in that virtuous bower. We were talking about the work when the little man came in, and his eye fell on a sweet Madonna and baby over my bed. "Mother of God," he whispered in hushed tones, and he worshipped. Then turning to me, he was about to continue his conversation when another mother and bambino caught his eye. Again his voice fell and his eyes, dark and fiery, glowed with devout thoughts. "Praise God," said the little Tipperary man. "I saw them this morning at the six o'clock mass. I saw them all, the holy three," and no one could doubt who heard him that to him at least the vision had been real. "You are a good woman," said the Tipperary man, kindly, "or you'd not want them all round here, and I'll do you a good job," he added heartily, before I could disclaim any

particular sanctity, so the thought occurred to me that the less I said the better, and I kept mum.

Last Saturday afternoon a crowd of little children was gathered before a theatre door, with an accession of interest which not even little Eva or the bloodhounds or the trick donkey could have aroused. "It's children's prize day" some one said. "Those little ones are waiting to do a turn on the stage for a prize. You see, they are sending them round to the stage entrance." They were quite little children of the humbler classes, some of the girls tawdrily and cheaply gotten up, poor little ambitious babies, for their stage debut. In half an hour or more I passed the theatre again and was enlightened by a grimy newsboy. "Dere's de kid got de first prize. She's up in de air, I bet you! Say, I'd pick her for me steady, if she was a year or two older. Dere's one bawlin', cos she got de hook! Shut up cry-cat, an' try agin. Would-n't it make you crazy to look at her? Dis yere graft on de kids is no good, I'm talkin' to you. Dese prize kids is got de stage microbe in der systems, an' its up to no good. Der mudders does it on 'em; I bet der faders ain't in it, less dey's willys for sure!" and my friend suddenly darted across the wet road to furnish a beckoning patron with a paper. In my humble opinion this performance for prizes is one of the things that ought to be shut down upon.

LADY GAY.



The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps, or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupon are not studied.

Lovey Mary.—Conservative, unrecapitulative, cautious, generous and honest, with some initiative, ambition and very marked decision and finality. Writer is not capable of strong concentration, and the study does not look very mature. Better not score it too deep!

Jane.—Your November study, with a lot of others of the same date, got sidetracked in some stupid way. I am really grieved that you all had to wait so long, but can only hurry up and do you, now that I have discovered you. Your writing is that of a consistent, bright minded and somewhat suppressed person, who may be capable of very strong affection but either has no adequate outlet for same or has bestowed it unwisely and withdrawn into herself. You have desire to rise, and a good deal of power, great discretion, caution, almost secretiveness. The senses are strong in you, and you are fairly fond of good living. Coming under Virgo, an earth sign, you need all the inspiration you can secure to bring you up from your natural matter-of-fact and conventional plane to the rarer air where Virgo develops so amazingly. Surround yourself with those to whom you can minister and who need your loving care and you'll be an harmonious Virgo. If such lack, then go up alone into the spiritual plane and grow to your highest strength. Your lines indicate a certain absence of diffusiveness, almost selfish, which often grows in strong natures. The dominant touch and an interest in others suggesting interference is noticed. On the whole its a strong, simple and capable study. You probably love and enjoy nature in her most primitive aspect.

Cheerful.—Another Virgo, but what a different development! There is evidence of struggle and persistence in every tense line, with self-respect, truth, frankness and energy, self-denial, a fairly strong spirituality, high strung nerves and a directness of method, at once convincing and rare. Writer has some tact, not much caution, no desire for prominence or power, great clarity of expression and good sequence of thought. It is a very interesting study, with most of its career before it, and may become almost anything.

Maid Marion.—You will probably follow some particular style or person, and succeed, for you are strong on imitation. Dec. 21 brings you on the cusp of Sagittarius-Capricorn. The natives of this cusp are among the greatest thinkers and teachers in the world. If the art you desire is music, go ahead and win for successful training in that art is easy to your people. You should be exact, methodical and efficient, a good dancer, a

good linguist, and the best of travelling companions. Don't be too eager to reach the top. It takes time and work. Everyone does not wish for luck. Some of us know there is no such thing, and don't waste time. You are not a laggard nor devoid of sympathy and responsiveness. If you will curb the "rush" that is in you, and gather your forces to one end, you'll succeed as sure as you're born.

M. Carlyle H.—April 8 brings you under Aries, a fire sign, which is said to be a most favorable one. If you can be persistent, almost to stubbornness, success will be yours. To be kind, generous, noble-minded and clear sighted is very possible to Aries. Your writing shows a fairly dominant touch, good self-reliance and a little self-assertion. You would never be a nonentity in any sort of company. Honesty and truth are shown in your lines. You are adaptable, without foolish pride or sensitiveness, and reasonably contented. To rise in you, and to succeed also.

London Road.—Your case is under consideration. Several of my friends have tried the same experiment and I am making enquiries as to how they came out. When I receive information you ask, will forward it.

Blair.—It is rather a strong hand, full of opinion, and a little inclined to obstinacy. You have strength, but lack guidance and control. You are active, inquisitive, independent, and, though material, disinclined to sentimental leanings. Adaptability and a fine sense of power are shown. October 20 brings you under Libra, a sign that needs wise and careful handling when as strong as you are. At present many crudities are in you, which time alone can correct or ameliorate.

F. E. M.—Oct. 3 brings you under Libra, an air sign, of which some of the qualities are a taste for speculation, daring, impatience, fastidiousness, egotism, proneness to the opposite sex. Your writing shows you to be prudent, truthful, careful, and alive to beauty in any form. You should be pleasant company, and know how to make yourself respected. You are rather tenacious and have strong but reserved opinions. Your temper is fairly sweet, and you don't bother much about your neighbors' affairs. You would probably win your way rather by tact than force, and be an easy person to get along with. There is much refinement and some taste for art, probably music, in this study, which pertains, I am rather sure, to a cultured gentlewoman.

Agace.—I cannot recommend you to visit Labrador before July. That and August are the best months to go up. You will get a fortnightly steamer from St. John's, Nfld., and the trip is a healthy and interesting one of some three weeks. The steamer's sailings are not arbitrary, sometimes she is two or three days off her date. Write to the Reid Newfoundland offices in St. John's for circulars and prices. Is it a good trip? Well you better believe it is. Just try it.

The Ballad of the Lover.

Now who are you at heaven's gate
Who makes no word nor prayer,
But holdly stand with lifted hand
As you would enter there?
What is the worth that lends you strength
The unsheathed word to dare?

Now by what right of service done,
Ere yet the life sands ran,
Speak then the deed that we may read
Or yet we bless or ban.
"I was a lover true," quoth he,
"When I was living man."

Nay, but your hands are empty hands
Wherein no hands were pressed,
No triumphs lies within your eyes
Nor burns upon your breast;
No stain of granted kisses shows
About your mouth's unrest.

Now, an you lie not, show the sign
That you were lover true.
No word spake he, but silently
His clinging mantle drew
And bared the wound wherewith his heart

Was broken through and through.
—Theodosia Garrison in April Smart Set.

Those indefatigable persons who make a point of never missing a theatrical production had a merry time of it during the late winter in New York. Most of the pieces put on for runs ran so fast that they were not visible at the end of a fortnight, and the I. P. soon found that he or she must rush to catch a play as one rushes to catch a train. Business has been bad on Broadway—with or without "apt alliteration's artful aid"—and the survivors are those offerings whose managers were able to hop nimbly into town and then hop out again.—Channing Pollock in April Smart Set.

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ARE THE VERY BEST

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It's not sentiment that leads discriminating women to buy

FOWNES GLOVES

They know from experience that "Fownes" means satisfaction.

"Brown October Ale"

Robin Hood and his men never tasted such ale as O'KEEFE'S.

It's rich as cream—is fine as gold—is extra mild—and always old.

All the fine, full flavor—all the creamy deliciousness of the best imported ales, are matched in O'KEEFE'S.

There's no duty to pay on O'KEEFE'S—that's why the price is low.

And there's the additional pleasure of drinking an ale that will not make you bilious.

Insist on having

O'KEEFE'S Extra Mild Ale

"The Beer that is always O. K." 127

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SHREDDED WHEAT

Supplies the strength and energy to do a half-day's work—gives you that satisfied feeling. Purest, cleanest, most nourishing and sustaining cereal food.

Every Morning—Biscuit and Hot Milk for Breakfast.
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CHARLES DILLINGHAM will present Fritz Scheff in the reigning comic opera success of the day, "Mlle Modiste," at the Princess Theatre next week. In this opera Madame Scheff has made a most pronounced artistic success. She appeared in it in New York, at the Knickerbocker Theatre, for an entire season and for portions of two others.

Fritz Scheff comes from the ranks of grand opera, having played with the Metropolitan Opera House forces and made special hits with such roles as Musetta in "La Boheme" and Nedda in "Pagliacci." The predominating trait of Fritz Scheff's personality is vivacity, a vivacity that is typical of her native Vienna, the Paris on the Danube. She has more than the usual endowment of magnetism, and is an unique figure on the American lyrical stage because she has a wonderful voice in addition to being a comedienne of talent.

Mr. Dillingham is sending the same large cast and company here that was seen in New York. In addition to this there will be a largely augmented orchestra, as the musicians carried by the company will be added to an increased orchestra at the Princess Theatre. The cast will include such

most popular of Mr. Pinero's works. His creation of the big-hearted, weak-natured, and at times dissolute Richard Phenyl is one of the most lovable characters introduced by a modern playwright. And all through the play there is a preponderance of kindly human nature. The author designed the piece as a pleasant entertainment, and the proof that he accomplished his purpose is the fact of the phenomenally successful career of the work all over the world.

It was first produced on March 21, 1888, by Richard Terry, in London, where it was presented seven hundred and thirty-seven times.

The story deals with Geoffrey Wedderburn, a wealthy banker, who in his younger days fell in love with a girl much below him socially. Rather than stand the sneers of society by marrying beneath him, he decided to forsake the young woman. He, however, remained a bachelor and adopted the son of an old schoolmate, Clement Hale, who decided to study law. Young Hale goes to London and has for his rooming partner in "Chambers" Richard Phenyl, a fine-hearted, but thriftless solicitor. Phenyl, owing to his dissolute habits, has been disowned by a wealthy uncle. The

which he is president and also the one in which Phenyl's fortune is deposited. At that moment Bream comes with a newspaper confirming the failure. The news prostrates Wedderburn and he is confined to a room in the "Chambers." Owing to the change of circumstances his sister and niece also come to live at the "Chambers" and the young men take quarters elsewhere. Dr. Delaney, his physician, an astute good-natured old chap, when he hears of Ruth's sudden departure upon Wedderburn's arrival, puts two and two together and suggests a nurse for his patient. Ruth is brought in as the nurse and Wedderburn tells the story of his first and only love, and that Ruth is the woman. They become reconciled and he and his sister also decide not to interfere with the marriage of Clement and Lavender. Bream all this time has pressed his suit ardently with Minnie, and at last wins her. Phenyl waives all claim against the bank, which gives it another start, and all ends happily.

Horace Goldin, king of illusionists, will headline the bill at Shea's Theatre next week. The special features for the week will be Eugene Jepson & Co., presenting "The Mayor and the Manicure," and Irene Franklin and Burt Green. Other acts of equal note are Holdens Manikins, Howard and North, Six American Dancers, A. O. Duncan. The kinetograph will show an interesting lot of new pictures.

What is described as the most handsomely staged production of the burlesque circuit this season—the Rose Hill Folly Company—will be the offering at the Gayety Theatre for the week commencing Monday, March 16. The show is under the direction of Messrs. Rice and Barton, and George W. Rice is the leading fun-producer. Idylla Vyner, Henrietta Wheeler and Mlle. Beatrice, the Four Loudons, gymnasts, are also on the bill.

The dramatic entertainment to be given by the Woman's Art Association in Massey Hall on March 27, under the direction of Mr. Douglas A. Paterson, marks the first presentation in Toronto of a Yeats play with appropriate accessories of scenery and costume.

"Deirdre," by William Butler Yeats, is a Celtic play. The story concerns the fate of one of the popular heroines of Irish mythology, who forsakes her betrothed, the Over-King of Ulster, for Naisi, the ill-starred son of Usnach. After seven years of wandering the lovers are captured by the treachery of the King and Naisi is slain. Deirdre, hereafter of her lover, takes her life by her own hands.

The play is written in plain and forceful verse and strikes a plaintive romantic note. The play will be interpreted by Mr. R. S. Pigott, Miss Evelyn Bliss, Miss Brenda Smellie, Miss Laura Hughes, Mr. Douglas H. Paterson, Mr. J. H. Smith and others.

"The Money Spinner," which follows "Deirdre," was the first real success of the now famous Arthur Wing Pinero. It was originally presented by the Kendalls and John Hare. It is in two short acts and abounds in striking situations, terse and pungent dialogue. Mrs. H. C. Osborne plays the title role of the Money Spinner, daughter of the keeper of a gaming house in Paris. Mr. R. S. Pigott plays Lord Kengussie, a good-natured dupe. Mr. Douglas A. Paterson plays the disreputable Baron Croodle; Mr. Ernest Paterson, the Money Spinner's husband; Mr. W. P. Woods, a French detective. Mrs. Arthur Hughes and Miss Gwendoline Canfield complete the cast.

"The Dairymaids"—an English musical play. This announcement of the attraction which held the boards at the Princess, during the first half of this week sounded well, and aroused in many pleasant anticipation. But such anticipation was not realized. Any delicacy of flavor that "The Dairymaids" may have possessed originally was lost on the way over, or expunged on the arrival of the piece in New York. To those who are able to find diversion or enjoyment in broad burlesque, running at times to horseplay, the performance will no doubt furnish entertainment. That is about all that can be said of it, although, of course, an enterprising manager has been lavish



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WEEK MARCH 16

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DAINTY COMEDY

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in the matter of scenery and costumes. Harry Bulger, the chief comedian, is ludicrous in his make-up and works hard for laughs, but his lines never border on humor. The songs are many, but on a par with the rest of the production.

Miss Gladys Noxon, a senior pupil of the Conservatory School of Expression has been engaged by Mr. Ernest Shipman, the New York theatrical manager and proprietor, as a member of his New York companies. Miss Noxon will join the company to which she will be assigned in August. This is the second engagement made during the past month by Mr. Shipman, with students of the dramatic department of the Conservatory School of Expression, as a result of his determination to recruit his companies in part in Toronto, and only from this institution.

Edwin Booth, for many years the darling of American playgoers, is recalled, in the "Ellen Terry Memoirs," in a plight from which he was generously rescued by his English rival, Henry Irving. Booth was playing at the Princess Theatre in London in the late seventies and having a wretched season. The theatre was "on the down-grade and under a thoroughly commercial management." The great American actor, says Miss Terry in the March McClure's, "through much domestic trouble and bereavement, had more or less 'given up' things," and his spirit could not "combat such treatment as he received at the Princess, where the pieces in which he appeared were 'thrown' onto the stage with every mark of assumption that he was not going to be a success." Miss Terry proceeds: "Yet, although he accepted with gratitude Henry Irving's suggestion that he should migrate from the Princess to the Lyceum, and appear there three times a week as Othello, with the Lyceum company and its man-

PRINCESS

O. E. WEEK STARTING. Monday Mar. 16

CHARLES DILLINGHAM PRESENTS

FRITZI SCHEFF

IN THE GREAT COMIC
OPERA SUCCESS

M'LE MODISTE

BY HARRY BLOSSOM AND VICTOR HERBERT

Prices: 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00

WOMEN'S ART ASSOCIATION OF CANADA

PRESENT



Fritz Scheff

A recent portrait of this noted singer and charming comedienne, who will appear in "Mlle Modiste," at the Princess Theatre, Toronto, next week.

well known people as Robert Mich-
aels, William Pruette, Claude Gill-
ingwater, Howard Chambers, Leo
Mars, Josephine Bartlett, Blanche
Morrison, Grace Delmar, Carlyn
Sterlitz, Bertha Holly and the Sisters
Constantine.

Henry Blossom is responsible for
the book and lyrics of "Mlle Mod-
iste," and his work has placed him
in the foremost rank of the light
opera writers of the times. He has
already achieved success as a writer
of plays in "The Yankee Consul,"
and his latest success is "The Red
Mill," which is also controlled by Mr.
Dillingham. But it is claimed that
"Mlle Modiste" is of a different type
from his other writings; and that it
is a real light opera, sane and witty.
Victor Herbert's music is said to be
charming.

The story of "Mlle Modiste" con-
cerns the love of a little milliner for
a gay hussar. The parents of the
officer object to the union on account
of her poverty. A rich American
from Keokuk, Iowa, hears little Fifi
sing, and sees that she has a future.
He generously places in her way the
means to get her voice trained, and
when she next appears it is as a
famous grand opera singer. Eventu-
ally everything ends well.

The offering of the Royal Alex-
andra English Players for next week
will be Arthur W. Pinero's dainty
domestic comedy, "Sweet Lavender."
This play is regarded as one of the

young men have for their house-
keeper Ruth Rolt, who has a daughter
named Lavender. Clement falls in
love with the young girl and she re-
turns his affections, but there stands
in the way of their love-making the
fact that ever since childhood Clem-
ent has been designed as the husband
of Minnie Gilfillian, the niece of Wed-
derburn. Both these young people
have been taught to believe that when
they have reached the proper age
they are to become man and wife.
While abroad Minnie's life is saved
by an American, Horace Bream, who
immediately falls in love with her and
follows her to London.

When the aunt and niece return
from the Continent they call on
Clement at his chambers and open
the door at the moment he is asking
"Sweet" Lavender to become his
wife. Minnie has brought with her
a photograph of her uncle which she
had taken abroad and leaves it with
Clement. Mrs. Rolt sees it and asks
who he is. When told, she imme-
diately decides to take Lavender and
herself to some quiet place without
allowing anyone to know their des-
tination. Ruth also tells Mrs. Gil-
fillian that the wedding of Clement
and Lavender can never take place.

A solicitor for Richard's uncle calls
and tells him that his uncle is dead
and that his fortune, amounting to
some £50,000, has all been left to him.
Wedderburn also calls on Clement at
his chambers and reads the telegram
announcing the failure of the bank of

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has returned from Germany, will resume
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Thursday, April 9th, 1908
Subscription Lists at Music Stores,
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Miss Birdie Luttrell will give a
farewell recital at the Conservatory
Hall on Thursday evening, April 2,
before leaving for New York to com-
plete her studies for the stage. Miss
Luttrell's programme will be an even-
ing of modern monologues (in cos-
tume). She will be assisted by Mr.
Lissart Beardmore, tenor, and Miss
Bernice Van Horn, soprano.

"What do you think of the simpli-
fied spelling?" "It would be all
right, if it wasn't so hard to learn."
—Detroit Free Press.



A VERY pleasing meeting in ref-
erence to the visit of the Shef-
field Musical Union to Canada was
held on Wednesday evening in the
Rose Room of McConkey's. The host
was Dr. Charles A. E. Harriss, of
Montreal, to whose offices Canadians
are indebted for the inception and
carrying out of the project. The
guests were Dr. Vogt, School Inspec-
tor Hughes, and Messrs. Stewart
Houston, Hector Charlesworth, of the
Mail and Empire; Dr. Logan, of the
World; Muir, Telegram; Archibald,
Star; Verner, News; and E. R. Park-
hurst, Globe. Dr. Harriss explained
the magnitude of the enterprise and
its importance from an Imperial
point of view, as well as in the in-
terests of music, and expressed the
hope that arrangements would be
made to send to England, by way of
return compliment, our own Men-
delssohn Choir, now admitted to be
the leading chorus of North America.
The respective musical editors as-
sured Dr. Harriss that so far as they
were concerned they would do all in
their power to make the visit of the
Yorkshire chorus a success in Tor-
onto, and secure for them a right
royal welcome. Dr. Vogt, speaking
for himself, and also for the Men-
delssohn Choir, expressed the great-
est pleasure that the Sheffield Choir
is coming to Canada. Their visit
could not but be productive of benefit
to the art of music, not only in Tor-
onto, but throughout Canada.

My own opinion in reference to
the suggestion that the Mendelssohn
Choir should make a return trip to
England is that if our choir is to
cross the Atlantic the trip should not
be long delayed. Experience has
proved that the life of great choruses
as individual entities is limited. In
this connection I can refer to the
Leslie Choir, of England, the Men-
delssohn Choir, of Montreal, and Mr.
Tomlin's choir, of Chicago. Then
Mendelssohn Choir next season will
be splendidly constituted, and they
will be animated by an enthusiasm
that they will probably never exceed.
Now is the time to arrange for the
English trip and to discuss ways and
means. Musical England will be
talking this year about the visit of
the Sheffield Choir to Canada, and
our choir should seize the opportu-
nity to introduce themselves to the
British musical community while pub-
lic interest is keen and active. I
would strongly advise the friends and
admirers of the Mendelssohn Choir
to commence at once a propaganda
for sending our choir to the old land
in May or June of next year. The
project ought to be encouraged and
supported in every way by the citi-
zens of Toronto; more than that it
should be promoted by the Legisla-
ture of the province and the City
Council.

The present programme is for the
Sheffield Choir to sail from England
so as to arrive in Montreal on No-
vember 2 and to depart via Quebec
November 13. The importance of
Toronto as a musical centre is recog-
nized by providing for three concerts
at Massey Hall on November 5, 6
and 7. Montreal will be given two
concerts and Ottawa one. As the
choir and their friends will number
more than three hundred people it
goes without saying that the concerts
will have to be confined to the large
centres of population.

An unusually interesting event will
be the production of Liza Lehmann's
beautiful cycle, "The Daisy Chain,"
by the Orpheus Quartette, in Con-
servatory Hall on the evening of
Monday, March 30, as it is many
years since a Toronto audience has
listened to four soloists of such merit,
in concerted work. The programme
will consist of the Daisy Chain and
miscellaneous numbers, and the quar-
tette will be assisted by Dr. Nicolai,
cellist. The quartette does not need
an introduction to the concert-going
public, as the members are well and
favorably known. The personnel is
as follows: Miss Bertha May Craw-
ford, soprano; Mrs. Elizabeth Camp-
bell, contralto; Mr. R. A. Shaw,
tenor; Mr. Arthur Blight, baritone,
and Mrs. Wilson B. Mills, accompan-
ist. The patronesses for this event
will be Mrs. T. M. Harriss, Mrs. H.
T. Cox, Mrs. J. W. Flavell, Mrs.
Melvin-Jones, Mrs. A. L. Davis, Mrs.
J. C. Eaton, Mrs. Edward Gurney,
Mrs. A. E. Kemp, Mrs. G. G. Mills,
Mrs. C. A. Larkin, Mrs. John A.
Walker, Mrs. A. R. Clark, Mrs. Alex.
Mills, Mrs. C. D. Daniels.

The following is the attractive
programme prepared for the recital to
be given by Heinrich Meyn and

Vladimir Rojitsky in the Y. M. C. A.
concert hall on Monday evening, the
16th inst: Bach—Liszt—Fantasie and
Fugue C minor, Mr. Rojitsky; Diaz
—Ana: La Coupe du Roi de Thule,
Mr. Meyn; Scriabine—(1) Notturmo
(for left hand alone), (2) Sonata
Fantasia C sharp minor (a) Andante,
(b) Presto, Mr. Rojitsky; Brahms—
Standchen, Schumann—Der arme
Peter, Von Fielitz—Es liegt ein
Traum, Mr. Meyn; Chopin—Berceuse
D sharp major, Chopin—Polonaise
A flat major, Mr. Rojitsky; Wood-
ford—Fonding—Temple Bells, Homer
—Young Night Thought, Edwa Ger-
man—Rolling down to Rio, Mr.
Meyn. Accompanist, Mrs. Blight.

On Monday evening piano and
vocal pupils of Dr. F. H. Torrington
rendered the following programme in
the music hall of the Toronto College
of Music: (Piano)—Chopin—Etude
Op. 25, No. 7; Polonaise in C sharp
minor, Valse in D flat, Impromptu-
Fantasie; Mendelssohn—Caprice
Brillante, Olive Blain (Barrie);
Henselt—Si oiseau j'étais; Brassin-
Nocturne; Mendelssohn—Andante
and Rondo Capriccioso; Mendelssohn,
"Wedding March" and "Elfin
Chorus" (Midsummer Night's
Dream), Alma Clarke (Victoria, B.
C.); Liszt—Rigoletto; Chopin—Con-
certo in F minor, Molna O'Connor
(Port Arthur); Weber—Rondo Bril-
lante; Mendelssohn—Concerto in G
minor (1st movement), Cecilia Rid-
dell (St. Mary's); Moszkowski—Tar-
antelle, Mamie McDonald (Toron-
to). (Vocal)—Croome—"When all
is still," "Ellis, Do not forget," Olive
Casey (Toronto); Mendelssohn—
Recit. and air "If with all your
Hearts," "Sing ye Praise," (Hymn
of Praise); Salaman—"I arise from
Dreams of Thee"; Balfe—"Come in-
to the Garden, Maud," Robert Per-
rin; Verdi—Recit. and air "Ah fors
è lui," Margaret Casey; Donizetti—
"O luce di quest'anima" (Linda di
Chamoix), Eveline Ashworth;
Rossini—Duo, "Quis est homo"
(Stabat Mater), Margaret and Olive
Casey. The exacting programme
was much enjoyed by the audience
and special commendation should be
accorded to Olive Blain, of Barrie,
for her interpretation of the Chopin
numbers, to Alma Clarke, of Victo-
ria, for her remarkable memory
work and to Robert Perrin, a tenor
of much promise.

The announcement of special music
at the Lenten services attracted a
large congregation to St. Simon's
church last Sunday evening. The
series will be continued on Sunday
evenings during Lent. The solos and
anthems will be from the works of
Mendelssohn, Gounod, Stainer, Goss,
Wareing, Varley, Roberts and others.
The soloists will be Master Clarence
Quarrington, Mr. Allan C. Fair-
weather, Mr. S. Deagton, Mr. Mer-
edith E. Hooper and Mr. Harold Mar-
riott.

An excellent service of praise was
given last Friday evening in the
Fern avenue Presbyterian church, by
the choir of Knox church, under the
direction of Mr. J. Augustine Arlidge,
who is possessed of no small genius
as a choir-master. The anthems and
solos were far beyond expectations,
and were very much appreciated by
all present.

On Sunday evening next, March
15, the choir of St. Clement's church,
corner Queen street east and Brook-
lyn avenue, will render J. H. Mann-
der's Lenten Cantata, "Penitence,
Pardon and Peace." The soloists on
this occasion will be Miss E. Maffey,
soprano, and Mr. Vernon Gearing,
bass.

The reorganization of the Men-
delssohn Choir for next season will
be taken up by Mr. Vogt about the
middle of April. Only singers of
experience, possessed of characteristic
voices in each part, will be considered
in the selection of material for the
chorus of the coming season. The
work to be taken up next year will
be worthy of the chorus and in keep-
ing with the increasing artistic de-
mands of the patrons of the concerts
of the society. Notwithstanding the
very numerous demands from all
parts of the country for a repetition
of the sublime "Requiem" which
created so profound impression at
the third concert of the last series,
Mr. Vogt has decided to postpone a
repetition of it until another season.
Among the works already decided
upon are Elgar's splendid work,
"King Olaf," which will be given in
its entirety, several of the most bril-
liant excerpts having been performed
by the Mendelssohn Choir in past
seasons. Hugo Wolf's brilliant, "The

Mad Fire Rider," which has been
published specially for the Men-
delssohn Choir in the English text by
Schirmer, of New York, will be an
attractive novelty. Other novelties
are under consideration and an at-
tractive selection of a capella works
will soon be announced. It is also
likely that some further selections will
be made from the incomparable B
minor Mass by Bach, the "Sanctus,"
of which was one of the finest
achievements of the chorus in Feb-
ruary last. Mendelssohn's "First
Walpurgis Night" will, in all proba-
bility be the larger number taken from
the society's repertoire of the past.

From present indications the chorus
of the season 1908-09 will surpass any
previous body of singers ever enrolled
under the baton of Mr. Vogt.

One of the notable musical events
of this spring will be the visit to
Canada in the latter part of April of
Sir Frederick Bridge, M.V.O., M.A.,
Mus. doc., F.R.C.O., the celebrated
organist and master of the chorists
of Westminster Abbey. He is coming
to conduct throughout the Dominion
a series of choir festivals on the
Cathedral music of England and
will be assisted by the church
chorists of Canada. Born in 1844,
Master Bridge, at the age of six,
entered the choir of Rochester Cathe-
dral as a practising boy and re-
mained there until he was 14, under
J. L. Hopkins, to whom he then be-
came articled. Subsequently he was
transferred to the tuition of John
Coss at Windsor Chapel Royal. There
in 1867 he qualified for the Fellow-
ship of the Royal College of
Organists and took the degree of
Musical Bachelor at Oxford in 1869.
He was then appointed organist of
Manchester Cathedral and held the
professorship of Harmony at Owens
College from 1872 to 1875, taking his
doctor's degree at Oxford in 1874.
Upon the retirement of James Turle
from the organistship of Westmin-
ster Abbey, Dr. Bridge was appointed
permanent deputy organist in 1875,
and on the death of Turle in 1882
succeeded him to the full title. He
presided at the memorable service
held in the Abbey in connection with
Queen Victoria's Jubilee in 1887 and
at the coronation of King Edward in
August, 1902, for each of which
events he arranged all the music that
was performed and composed all the
anthems. He was given the Jubilee
medal in 1887, and knighted in 1897
and was made a member of the Royal
Victorian Order at the time of the
coronation. During his visit to Can-
ada Dr. Bridge will be heard in
Montreal, Ottawa, Belleville, Toron-
to, St. Catharines, Hamilton, Brant-
ford, Woodstock, London, Winnipeg,
Brandon, Regina, Moose Jaw, Calgary
and Vancouver.

Like many other brilliant novelists,
"Ouida" went hopelessly wrong in
her references to music. One of
these days, perhaps, says the London
Telegraph, somebody will establish a
society for the prevention of cruelty
to music—in novels. There have
been worse offenders, perhaps, than
poor Miss de la Ramee, but it would
be hard to beat the remark of the
lady in "Moths": "I never let a maid
make a dress. . . . You might as well
expect Rubinstein to make the violin
he plays on!" Another "howler"
from the same gifted pen was the
allusion to a "symphony"—of all
things—being played for the delecta-
tion of the guests at a social party;
while there is a quaint reference to
the destruction of a violin in "Sig-
na," in which the authoress asserted
that the wooden shell of the instru-
ment could be pieced together, but
that "the keys were smashed beyond
all hope of restoration."

Madame Le Grand Reed has again
been engaged by Mr. H. M. Fletcher,
conductor of the People's Choral
Union, as the soprano soloist at the
concert to be held in Massey Hall,
March 31. She will also sing with
the Hamilton Symphony Orchestra,
on April 7.

Last June the celebrated English
piano manufacturer, John Brinsmead,
celebrated with his wife their seven-
tieth wedding day. They were one of
the oldest married couples in Eng-
land, and on that occasion they re-
ceived congratulations from both the
King and the Queen. A month ago
his wife died, and now he has follow-
ed her. He was the inventor of many
improvements which have made the
modern pianoforte what it is. His
life was beneficent, and, to celebrate
his seventieth wedding anniversary,
and, to encourage thrift amongst his
work people, he inaugurated a pro-
vident fund last June, whereby the
subscribers not only receive interest
on their savings, but a bonus of from
fifty to one hundred per cent., from
a fund especially supplied by Mr.
Brinsmead himself. He attributed his
long life to a love of fresh air and
exercise. He was neither a teetotaler
nor a non-smoker. CHERUBINO.

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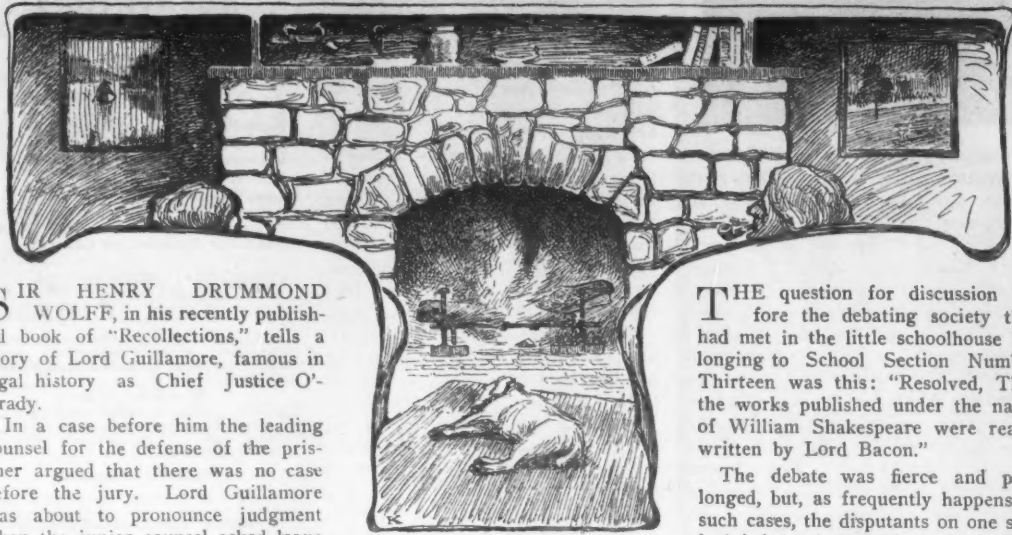
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SIR HENRY DRUMMOND WOLFF, in his recently published book of "Recollections," tells a story of Lord Guillamore, famous in legal history as Chief Justice O'Grady.

In a case before him the leading counsel for the defense of the prisoner argued that there was no case before the jury. Lord Guillamore was about to pronounce judgment when the junior counsel asked leave to address a few words to the court.

The judge replied: "I will hear you by and by, Mr. —."

The young man said: "But, my lord, it is on this point that I wish to address your lordship."

Lord Guillamore rejoined: "I will hear you by and by, Mr. —. Meanwhile, for fear of accidents, I will direct the jury to acquit your client."

IN the West, some twenty years ago, there lived a good man who gave up a part of his time to teaching the Indians the Christian faith. On one of his trips he stopped at the ranch of a well-to-do and very religious Swede, and requested a night's lodging.

The Swede thought a great deal of the missionary, and disliked to offend him; but he also disliked extremely having a pack of dirty, greasy Indians hanging about his place, so, after much hemming and hawing, he stated his objections.

"But these Indians are Christians, my good brother; and if you can't abide with them for a single night here on earth, how do you expect to dwell in heaven with them through all eternity?" inquired the indignant missionary.

The Swede was perplexed; but, after thoughtfully scratching his head a moment, he said, "The Bible says that in my Father's house are many mansions, and I think I have a separate house."

THERE is an editor in a certain small town who has a well developed streak of gentle humor and a fondness for gardening. Not long ago his man of all work left him, and the editor advertised for some one to fill his place. Among the applicants for the position was a man who seemed to know his business thoroughly, but who failed to produce references as to character when requested. Moreover, his eyes were somewhat shifty.

"You say you have no references?" the editor asked.

"No, sir, I have not," the man replied in a tone of humble pride; "but I think, sir, that you will find honesty printed on my face."

The owner smiled a little. "Well—er—perhaps," he admitted; "that is, allowing for typographical errors."

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL R. S. S. BADEN-POWELL recently celebrated his fifty-first birthday.

"B.-P." who has never succumbed to Cupid's wiles, has always been an object of interest to the fair sex. When stationed some years ago, in Malta, he was simply pestered by a young lady of lively disposition. She learned that Captain Baden-Powell, as he then was, was fond of walking, and used to wait about, on the chance of being invited to accompany him.

"B.-P." at last tried a ruse. Dressed as a workman, he boldly walked past his tormentor on several occasions. Finally, he went a step farther.

Going up to the young lady one day, he asked:

"Beg pardon, miss, but do you know where I can find Captain Baden-Powell? These last three days he's sent me out to see if any girls was hanging round. There's not a sign of one to-day, and I can't find him to tell him so."

Needless to say, Baden-Powell did not need a disguise when next he walked abroad.

SENATOR HOPKINS, of Illinois, illustrated a story with a reference to the alertness of an Aurora bridegroom. "You know how bridegrooms, setting off on the honeymoon, forget their brides and buy tickets only for themselves? Well, that is what this bridegroom did in Aurora, and when his wife said to him, 'Why, you only bought one ticket, dear!' he answered, 'By Jove! I never thought of myself.'"

"WHEN I was connected with a certain western railway," says a prominent official of an eastern line, "we had in our employ a brakeman, who, for special service tendered to the road, was granted a month's vacation.

"He decided to spend his time in a trip over the Rockies. We furnished him with passes.

"He went to Denver, and there met a number of his friends at work on one of the Colorado roads. They gave him a good time, and when he went away made him a present of a mountain goat.

"Evidently our brakeman was at a loss to get the animal home with him, as the express charges were very heavy at that time. Finally, however, biting upon a happy expedient, he made out a shipping tag and tied it to the horns of the goat. Then he presented the beast to the office of the stock-car line.

"Well, that tag created no end of amusement, but it served to accomplish the end of the brakeman. It was inscribed as follows:

"Please Pass the Butter, Thomas J. Meechin, brakeman, S. S. & T. Railway."

FEW people in Smoke Ridge had ever seen an automobile, so when one of these "red devils" stopped for a few moments in the isolated village, the curious inhabitants gazed at the snorting demon with a mixture of fear and awe, and the owner, who had entered the one general store to make a purchase, heard one rustic remark: "I'll bet it's a man killer!"

"Of course it is," assured another. "Look at that number on the back of the car. That show how many people it's run over. That's accordin' to law. Now if that feller was to run over anybody here in Smoke Ridge, it would be our duty to telegraph that number—1284—to the next town ahead."

"And what would they do?" demanded the interested auditors.

"Why, the police would stop him and change his number to 1285."

SIR CHARLES SANTLEY, England's greatest baritone, was seventy-four years of age recently.

Sir Charles, during his long musical career, has met with many adventures, some of them very amusing. In his earlier days he was a great favorite in opera.

On one occasion, he was appearing in "Martha," and at the end of the "Good-night" quartette he took up a candle to light the two ladies to their room. Just as he reached the door, however, a warning voice came from the gallery:

"Hi! Come out of that, and leave the girls alone!"

Again, he was singing the part of Valentine in "Faust," the famous song of which, "Even Bravest Hearts May Swell," was specially written for Sir Charles by Gounod. After the duet, when Valentine fell, fatally wounded, Martha rushed forward and raised his head. Again the gallery supplied a comment. This time it was:

"Unbutton his weskit, 'missis!"

Which good advice effectually spoilt the dramatic scene.

EVEN the elevator boy has to draw the line somewhere, to prevent his being made too common. The maid who announced to the guest waiting at the door that "she didn't hear her until she had rung three times," meets her match in the elevator boy described by an exchange.

"If any one calls, Percy, while I am out, tell him to wait. I shall be right back," said the woman to the apartment-house elevator boy.

There was no answer.

"Did you hear me? Why don't you answer?" asked the woman, with some heat.

"I never answers, ma'am, unless I doesn't hear, and then I says 'What?'"

THE question for discussion before the debating society that had met in the little schoolhouse belonging to School Section Number Thirteen was this: "Resolved, That the works published under the name of William Shakespeare were really written by Lord Bacon."

The debate was fierce and prolonged, but, as frequently happens in such cases, the disputants on one side had informed themselves thoroughly, while the others, relying upon their having the popular side of the controversy, depended solely on their oratory. Hence the "Baconians," having learned all that could be said in favor of their contention, made really a very plausible case, and had decidedly much the better of the argument. At the close of the discussion the three judges who had been selected held a brief consultation, and decided in favor of the negative.

"Why did you decide against us?" subsequently asked one of the disputants. "You know we presented good arguments, while the other fellows didn't show any."

"That's all right," answered the judge to whom this question was addressed, "but two of us had just bought expensive copies of 'The Works of William Shakespeare,' that cost us fifteen dollars. Do you suppose we were going to acknowledge that Shakespeare didn't write 'em?"

"HELLO, Turnips!" said an arrogant young man to a farmer driving along a country road. "Give a fellow a lift to Newton?" Without waiting for a reply he jumped into the cart: "I might as well ride with you as walk."

After two or three miles had been covered, the young man paused for a moment in his chatter and remarked:

"It's more of a distance to Newton than I supposed."

"It is a good distance," answered the farmer.

Another twenty minutes passed, and then the young man inquired:

"About how far is it to Newton?"

"Well," replied the farmer, "keepin' straight on the way we're going now I sh'd say 'twould be a matter o' twenty-five thousand miles or so; but if you was favorable t' gettin' out o' my cart and walkin' it back, it isn't very much above eight miles."

THE tattooing craze was the rage among the smart set at the time of the South African War; it is now the rage in the slums among the humbler classes, especially girls, who pay three-pence for the operation.

A tattooer said that this business thrives on love. A girl came into his studio the other day and had "I love Jim Curly" tattooed on her arm.

About half-past five the next morning the girl knocked at his door, and in being remonstrated with said: "I don't care if yer charges me five shillins. 'Ere, kiver this up," she exclaimed, baring the tattooed arm—Sphere.

"IT is the strangest thing," remarks a club woman, "how peculiar some women are about the use of their first names. A couple of years ago I had occasion to send a letter to a married woman and in addressing her I wrote: 'Mrs. Henry—.' Imagine my surprise when in reply I received an indignant letter from her, in which she said: 'I do not at all like to have my identity submerged in that of my husband; I do not see why I cannot be addressed by my own name. Because I am married, is that any reason why I should lose my individuality? My name is Anna.'"

"The next letter I wrote to the indignant wife," continued the club woman, "you can be sure it bore the first name of the woman in question, but the climax came recently, when the husband died and my fastidious friend was left a widow. I wrote her on club business and, bearing in mind her first scolding, took particular pains to address her as 'Mrs. Anna—.'"

"The answer to this from her makes me shiver to think about. 'Do you think I have so far forgotten my beloved Henry,' she said, 'as to be willing to abandon his name altogether? I wish you would address me as Mrs. Henry in the future, please. I may be an unfortunate widow, but I still bear my husband's name, I think.'"

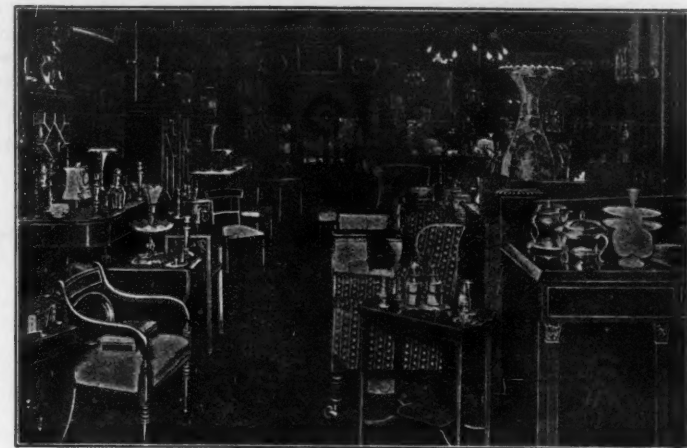


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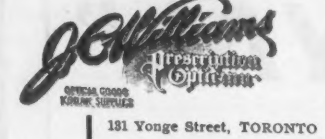
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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

LENT has settled down like a pall on almost all gay doings in which Anglicans and Romanists are interested. There are many *sub rosa* bridge parties, of eight or twelve players, many quiet little teas, for which invitations are gently whispered over the wire, dinners about which one is requested to say not a word, and theatre parties galore, which like righteousness cannot be hid. A vast crowd attended the Trinity lecture last Saturday; the gallery was packed and Convocation Hall couldn't hold another creature, which is a compliment to Canon Welch and to Thackeray, the lecturer and the subject. Mr. Rigby was prevented by indisposition from lecturing on Charlotte Bronte, according to the programme, and Canon Welch took his place before an unusually interested and interesting audience, some of whom were obliged to invade the platform, while others didn't get into the hall at all. Tea was served after the lecture in the Entrance Hall, and Miss Playter and a number of the Trinity men looked after the large company. As I was one of the unfortunates who arrived in time to be too late for a seat, I cannot outline Canon Welch's lecture, but those who heard it were delighted, and in every way it was a pronounced success. To-day the programme announces Major W. Napier Keefer as the lecturer and Victor Hugo as the subject. It is safe to prophecy another packed hall and a great deal of interest in Major Keefer's handling of so fine a theme.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt have gone to Japan. Mrs. Lawrence Buchanan is at the Queen's for a few days, before returning to Montreal. Mrs. Edward Gooderham, Madison avenue, was suddenly taken ill last week, but is doing nicely now. Her elder daughter is out West on a visit. Mr. Allie Warden is in Mexico.

On Washington's birthday, while Toronto's *beau monde* was disputing itself in the week-end visit to the Falls, some members of our gay world, who are holidaying in Bermuda, were upholding the reputation of Toronto as the home of fair women. A fancy dress dance was on at the Hamilton Hotel in the capital of the sea-girt isle, and among the many attractive guests, lovely Miss Cawthra, of Yeadon Hall, "scored a distinct success by her original and dainty representation of Neptune's Bower," says the Bermuda Colonist. "Swathed in flowing muslin robes of the palest shade of green, she wore for shoulder straps two fragments of coral, and to temper the warm air she delicately flirted a magnificent seafan. To emphasize her marine character, her costume was further adorned with watercolor designs of Bermuda fish, her own artistic handiwork." Mrs. McIntyre, of Hamilton, Ontario, looked exceedingly handsome in an 18th century gown of pale grey and mauve brocade, and Miss Phyllis McIntyre was a dainty little flower girl.

Mrs. E. J. Hearn received at her home, 21 Grange avenue, on Tuesday of last week. She wore a Princess gown of black silk dotted net with silk insertions, over chiffon and silk. Miss Maude McMahon assisted in a pretty muslin gown over yellow, with yellow flowers in her hair. The reception and tea rooms were decorated with pale pink carnations, palms, and ferns. The table in the tea room was arranged with a large cut glass centerpiece, holding calla lilies and pale pink carnations, and lit with candles in tall silver candlesticks and pale pink shades. Assisting in the tea room were Mrs. P. Brownlee, Miss Lillian McMahon, Miss Corda Clark, of Elora; Miss Helen Wicket and Miss O'Brien, of Tacoma, Wash., U.S.A. In the evening the hostess entertained forty of her daughter's young friends at a progressive euchre and dance. Mrs. Hearn receives on the first Wednesday.

Mrs. Charles Hoffman Neely, of Crescent road, gave a tea in honor of her sister, Miss Grace Merritt, of New York, who has recently been touring Canada as the star in Charles Major's delightful play "When Knighthood was in Flower." Miss Merritt appeared in the play last year with great success and made many friends during her engagement in Toronto, who honored her with their presence at the tea yesterday. The polished oak table was decorated with a basket of pink tulips, ferns and smilax, surrounded by pink shaded candelabra and tulle. There was music by an orchestra concealed in a bower of palms and ferns. The hostess received in the drawing room, and Mrs. Simmons, Mrs. Withers, Miss Boyd, Miss Parsons, Miss Moody and Miss Gilhooley, of New York, presided at the tea table. Mrs. Neely looked very charming in Dresden silk and lace, and Miss Merritt wore cream lace over pink silk. Among the guests were: Mrs. William C. Bailey, Mrs. Pinney, of Chicago; Mrs. A. C. Davidson, Mrs. Albert Brown, Mrs. James Tower Boyd, Mrs. W. R. Walton, Mrs. W. H. Burr, Mrs. George Milligan, Mrs. Arthur Milligan, Mrs. T. L. Gallagher, Mrs. Gordon Osler, Miss Squarey, the Misses Robertson, Mrs. Charles C. Norris, Mrs. Parsons, Mrs. J. E. Elliott, Mrs. Parkyn Murray, Mrs. C. W. I. Woodland, Mrs. W. A. Kemp, Mrs. W. E. Rundle, Mrs. W. J. Moody, Mrs. H. C. Orr, Mrs. R. C. Matthews, Mrs. Albert Wilson, Mrs. D. W. Alexander, Mrs. Mara, Miss Blight, Mrs. William Dobie, Miss Wilson, Mrs. Nasmith, Mrs. Hodgins, Mrs. Coll, Mrs. Sidney Mackenzie and Mrs. Brown.

Lady Evelyn Grey, the youngest daughter of Their Excellencies the Earl and Countess Grey, left Ottawa this week for London, to be present at the marriage of her cousin, Lady Ruby Elliott, which interesting event takes place in the near future. Although Lady Evelyn is to be absent from the scene of her many activities, even for a limited time, is received by her friends with unfeigned regret. Lady Evelyn is certainly very popular and like her sister, Lady Sibyl Grey, has added much to the success attending their mother, the Countess Grey's, sojourn in this country.

On March 27 the Women's Art Association will present one of Yeates' plays, *Daedra*, and the Money Spinners, under the direction of Mr. Douglas Patterson. Mrs. H. Campbell Osborne and Mr. Pigott are cast for parts, and there should be good things doing.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt are leaving this week for a trip which promises well. They are the guests of Colonel Thompson, who has fitted up the *Mineola*, an 8,000-ton steamer, as a yacht, and is cruising from Gibraltar to Japan and China via the Indian coast and Burmah. The correspondent of *Sketch*, when the boat left Gibraltar, had a long, descriptive article of her, from which I extract: "The *Colonel* is taking a dozen guests, mostly English, with him on his voyage, and they will

live for the voyage in what house agents would call a "noble mansion." There is a sufficiency of sitting rooms to enable anyone who is bored or feels the motion of the vessel to sit a day through in solitude, and all these sitting rooms can be thrown into one great white ball room, should the Colonel wish to entertain on a large scale.

There are almost as many bath rooms as there are guests, and the luxury of this in tropical waters can be understood only by those who know the really hot corners of the earth. There is also a laundry on board, which, so far as I know, is a convenience possessed by no other ship." Mr. and Mrs. Nesbitt were the guests of Colonel Thompson some time ago on his yacht, the *Lady Torrida*, in the Mediterranean, and visiting Athens and Constantinople. They join him at Yokohama and cruise in the Japan and Chinese waters, until June, when they expect to go overland to London via the Trans-Siberian route, stopping at Moscow, St. Petersburg, etc.

On Friday afternoon Mrs. Edward M. Byrne received for the first time since her marriage at her pretty apartments in the Traders Bank Building. She wore her wedding gown of hand-made Irish lace and was assisted in receiving by her sister, Mrs. Lamont, of Calgary. The dining room was beautifully decorated with baskets of red roses, the tea table being much admired with its candles and flowers. Mrs. Byrne will be at home again on Monday afternoon, March 16.

Mrs. McMahon, of Kingston, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Edgar Doward, Rosedale.

The third annual dance of the Weegowaka Club was held Thursday evening, March 5, in the Metropolitan Assembly Parlors, College street. The music furnished by Mr. Fralick was exceptionally good, and the liberal encores lengthened the programme to the extreme limit. All the guests and club members were more than pleased with the success of the very bright affair. The patronesses were Mrs. C. Ellis, Mrs. W. F. Rutley, and Mrs. H. Gilbert. Others present: Miss Mabel Rice, Miss Etta Gilbert, Miss Clara Rutley, Miss Eugenia Wickens, Miss Irene Thompson, Miss Ruby Crago, Miss Jessie Milne, Miss Frances Hoskin, Miss Gertrude Challes, Miss Stella Lewers, Miss Frankie Nelson, Miss Annie Stanley, Miss Gladys Hogoboon, Miss Daisy Robertson, Miss Grace Widdfield, Miss Prudence Fleming, Miss Maud Stewart, Miss Jessie Lewis, Miss Hazel MacFarlane, Miss Mabel Buffey, Miss Helen Paul, Miss Helen Graham, Miss Muriel Bemister, Miss Fannie Scobell, Miss Muriel Sterling, Miss Violet Lewers, Miss Ruth Kerman, Miss Caro Peel, Miss K. Lear, Miss Edna Sorley, Miss Leila Coulter, Miss Meta Corrigan, Miss Burnham, Miss Jessie Goodman, Miss May Stockwell, Miss Corinne Dingman, Miss Edith Holman, Miss Hazel Ellis, Miss Irene Rutley, Miss Flossie Stephenson, Miss Gledis Ronan, Miss B. Gibson, Miss B. Dennis, Mr. C. S. Ellis, Mr. W. F. Rutley, Mr. H. Gilbert, Mr. Gratton Hall, Mr. Barton Howitt, Mr. B. W. Rice, Mr. Lockie McKellar, Mr. A. E. Gilae, Mr. H. Allan Withers, Mr. Fred Mitchell, Mr. Geo. W. Jose, Mr. Arthur Millar, Mr. Howard Bachford, Mr. Chas. Ellis, Mr. Roy Coleman, Mr. R. Sturtridge, Mr. Chas. Fleming, Dr. A. G. Fleming, Mr. Wm. Coleman, Mr. Wm. Gowland, Mr. Chas. Abbs, Mr. H. Sutherland, Mr. Jim Widdfield, Mr. Gordon Sutherland, Mr. Russel Medland, Mr. Joe Lewis, Mr. Ed. MacGillivray, Mr. Wm. Yonevitch, Mr. Stan McCordick, Mr. Frank Saunders, Mr. E. Gosset, Mr. Frank Blachford, Mr. Ralph Yeomans, Mr. C. S. Mac'colm, Mr. Geo. Hargraft, Mr. A. Etwell, Mr. Chas. Corrigan, Mr. Roy Clarke, Mr. Bert Wickens, Mr. Ross Mc'and, Mr. Jim Crawford, Mr. Alf. Cox, Mr. Wm. Sparrow, Mr. Claude Meyer, Mr. P. J. Grand, Mr. Karl Lawrence, Mr. C. Riddy, Mr. Gordon Ronan, Mr. Ed. Edwards, Mr. Reg. Ellis, Mr. Wm. Bailey, and Mr. Robt. Blackburn.

On Tuesday afternoon, Mrs. W. H. Cawthra entertained a number of ladies at a buffet luncheon and bridge afterwards. Seven tables were arranged for the game, and the lucky prize-winners found themselves the pleased possessors of some very charming prizes, various unique curios which the hostess has picked up in her frequent visits to far-off lands.

Miss Louie Jones has returned from England and is with friends in town.

The theatres have been well patronized this week. Shea's presenting an excellent bill. Among the audience on Tuesday night were—Mr. and Mrs. McWhinney, Dr. and Mrs. D. King Smith, Mr. and Mrs. James Douglas, Major Cockburn, V.C., Mr. W. R. Lee, Miss Lillian Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Beatty, Mr. Steenbuck, Miss Florrie Heward, Mr. and Miss Scholes, Mr. Bruce Macdonald, Mr. Macdonald, Jr. A pretty box party occupied two of the lower boxes. Miss Emma Carus has pleased hundreds with her singing.

Mr. Arthur Somerville had a box party at the Princess on Tuesday evening. The audience was large and smart.

The engagement of Miss Cecil Vivien Kerr, eldest daughter of Hon. Senator Kerr, of Rathnelly, and Mr. George Hamilton Cassels, second son of Hon. Justice Cassels, is announced.

Captain and Mrs. D. Douglas Young returned from their honeymoon at mid-week.

The exhibition of pictures at the gallery of the Ontario Society of Artists closes this evening. His Excellency viewed the exhibition during his visit in Toronto last week.

Mrs. Le Grand Reed went to Montreal on Tuesday, where she was singing twice to bumper audiences.

Mrs. Wallace Jones has returned from Ottawa. Mrs. Clarence McCuaig, who has been visiting Mrs. Anglin in St. Joseph street, has returned to Montreal.

The Hamilton Herald remarks: Dundas (Ont.) journalism is becoming ambitious. A week ago The Banner announced that it had arranged for the exclusive publication in its columns of a series of letters from Rome, written by one in close touch with the "highest authorities" in the Vatican. This week The Light counters on The Banner by announcing that it is arranging for a series of letters "from some one high in authority—one having connection with royalty—in the Imperial Protestant alliance of England." Nothing like competition.

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BIRTHS.

GOODERHAM—At 224 St. George street, on Tuesday, 10th inst., the wife of George E. Gooderham, of a son.

LEIT—At Milverton, March 7, to Mr. and Mrs. Kenyon Lett, a son.

SCOTT—In Toronto, Mar. 3, to Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Scott, a daughter.

BENNETT—At Meaford, Mar. 5, to Dr. and Mrs. T. E. Bennett, a son.

GIBSON—At Sault Ste. Marie, Feb. 29, to Dr. and Mrs. R. J. Gibson, a son.

GOLDMAN—In Toronto, March 10, to Mr. and Mrs. C. E. A. Goldman, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

ASH-WIDDON—At Aurora, Mar. 7, Caroline Maude Widdon, of Toronto, to Albert Bevans Ash, of St. Catharines.

BIRGE-STURT—At Brooklyn, N. Y., March 9, Mabel L. Sturt, of Brooklyn, to Cyrus A. Birge, of Hamilton.

MUSSEON-EVANS—In Toronto, March 10, Winnifred Frances Mary, daughter of L. H. Evans, M.D., of Toronto, to Arthur K. Musson, son of Rev. E. Horace Musson, of Collingwood.

DEATHS.

CLELAND—At Meaford, on Wednesday, March 11, Jas. Cleland, ex-M.P.P., North Grey, in the 69th year of his age.

BAIN—In New York, March 8, Duncan Bain, son of James Bain, Sr., of Kew Beach, Toronto.

WELLS—At Chatham, Mary Julia, widow of the late Judge N. B. Wells, aged 85 years.

MATTHEW—At Kingsville, Ont., March 8, Rev. Canon C. R. Matthew, in his 69th year.

SCORE—In Toronto, March 9, Louise Walker, widow of the late Richard Score, Sr., and daughter of the late William Gooderham, Sr., in her 87th year.

THE GREAT PARIS HOLIDAY.

July 14 is the great national festival, the birthday of the Republic. The whole city is gay with flags, decorations, military marching and music, brilliant with illumination and fireworks, and crowded with people dancing, singing and merry-making. For programme of tour including this festival write F. Withrow, B.A., Toronto.

The Problem of Dealing With Crime

Ontario's Experiment and the Underlying Reasons.

FROM "Bystander's" department of comment in the St. John's News the article which follows is reproduced. It is timely and very pertinent. The writer is a resident of Montreal, and his comparisons between the temperament, so to speak, of Ontario and Quebec, are always of interest. He has invited attention to many points at which the two provinces differ—all, of course, being attributable to differences in the character of two peoples. And Ontario has not suffered by comparison. In the present article "Bystander" draws attention to another matter—the question of dealing with crime and criminals—in regard to which there is a divergence of feeling and inclination in Quebec and in Ontario. He also makes some thoughtful comment on the tendency of human nature in general to seize upon "an incident rather than a philosophy," in its consideration of crime. He says:

Ontario is about to try the experiment of reforming rather than merely punishing its criminals. In the first place, it is going to abolish the word "prison." This itself is a fine step in advance.

Then it will turn the prisoners into farmers. It will put them on the land. It will give them honest work to do, in the open, in the face of nature. There will, of course, be supervision and discipline, but it is confidently expected, as well it might, that the criminal will be redeemed to citizenship by this method rather than by putting him into a dark cell, and leaving him there to eat his heart out.

This action of Ontario deserves to be blazoned abroad. The experiment which the province is putting its hand to, has been tried in the United States, with conspicuous success. There are many pious souls who consider that the only way to deal with crime is for society to commit crime too.

We all know the excellent, church-going people who cry softly over the tender parts of the sermon, but who, at the same time, insist that the criminal be rigorously punished, and banished from society, fed on bread and water, upon the principle, one supposes, that if you only make the prisoner wretched, through treating him as a brute beast, he will feel a saving remorse. When the poor woman was taken in a wrongful act Christ did not say: "Put her in a dark cell; shut her out from the light of heaven; lash her on the back; make her atone for her sin by brooding over it in the long silence." "Neither do I condemn thee; go in peace and sin no more," was the gentle word of the Master, who knew that the only reformatory agency which can be applied to any human ill is—Love.

Good people talk about saving society; about the need of severity; about the badness of the criminal. Has the jail or the penitentiary ever reformed any creature? The records loudly say—"no."

The world is beginning to see the tragical contradiction between the practice and the teaching of Christianity. The chief essence of Christianity is forgiveness, but it is a so-called Christian society which says to the erring that there is no forgiveness, no recovery, no redemption; nothing but punishment.

Before we can show logic, not to speak of mercy, we must find out why the criminal is in the dock. If we examined carefully we might discover that we had our part in putting him there—we who represent society—that society which imposes conditions of life so intolerable for millions that vice and crime are inevitable.

We sometimes poke cheap fun in the papers at Ontario because it is more strenuous than it is graceful—supposedly; but this great Province of Confederation stands for large, hopeful things, making for the general advance. Quebec might well copy Ontario.

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tario, for in our province we have medievalism applied to our criminal administration as in other relations of life.

One mentions the Shaw case at all simply to express relief. No trial of modern times excited the degree of morbid interest which centred in a degenerate man, and the pretty girl linked to him by such fantastic findings of destiny. Almost every line written about the case has been morally hurtful. The yellow press exploited the prurient details with diabolical gusto. Thousands of young minds were poisoned. Thousands of young people learned, for the first time, of dreadful sexual relations. In scores, hundreds of cases, the moral consciousness has been blunted.

And, owing to the obscure but active law of imitation, it need not be doubted that other cases, similar in general features, are already in the formative stage. How strangely we are built, to be sure! We would rather have an incident than a philosophy. We burn to fathom the nature of the relations between a certain man and woman, and are quite indifferent to the wisdom of the sages. We would rather clutch that skeleton which our neighbor has hidden away in the box and drag it forth into the light, than hear the wisest discourse that was ever delivered. The individual is close, and the question is not urgent. The human interest is stirred because the things done are human things. We have done them ourselves, perhaps, or may do them. The human element must always fascinate, and people were more interested to learn that the Emperor of Germany bought his wife a number of hats while last in London, than with the weighty things he said at the state banquet. We like to read languidly about the empires, but if I see Smith kissing a woman other than his wife, I am more concerned about the matter than I am about the possibility of war between Japan and the United States.

The personal equation! It is not principles so much as warm breathing, sinning, struggling men and women—that is what thrills us. Unhappily, this interest, when it is expressed in letters in red ink twelve inches long, becomes morbid and unhealthy.

Herbert Spencer's philosophy, calmly read, would be better for life and living than fire in the blood, which is provoked by stories of exotic passion.

Social and Personal.

ALREADY are people making preparations for their usual flitting to Atlantic City for Easter. Rooms are being engaged in favorite hotels, and a great many Torontonians are going to that popular seaside resort for a week or so at the close of Lent.

Miss Hendrie has returned to Hamilton.

The winter sports of skating and ice boating are on their last legs. The mild weather interfered with the success of the waltzing competition on Tuesday, and with the iceboat races on the bay. Lovers of the latter exciting and healthful pastime have had a fine time of it this winter and the sailors have been kept busy. The only wonder is that five times as many boats are not skimming about on the bay, where the ice is good and the wind fairly fresh. But we don't make the most of our iceboating hereabouts.

The engagement of Miss Martha Hahn, daughter of the late Otto Hahn, Ph.D., Turbingen, Germany, and Mr. D. Sutherland Stayner, son of the late T. Sutherland Stayner, is announced.

Miss Laura Cassels gave a girl's tea yesterday for Miss Macpherson, of Quebec.

Mr. G. H. Ferguson, M.P.P., and Mrs. Ferguson are at the Arlington for the session. Mrs. Greville-Harston is back in her apartments at the Arlington, after a long siege of illness in hospital.

Mrs. Arthur Milligan, 461 Crescent Road, will receive from 4.30 until 7, on Monday, March 16.

Nothing finer in exclusive British woollens has ever been shown Toronto than the new importations of spring goods now on display at the shop of "Burton," 73 King street west. This well known tailor has a large following among Toronto's best dressed men. The personal attention they receive from Mr. Burton himself, and the convenient arrangements of his fitting room, etc., go a long way towards the complete satisfaction of his patrons. Added to this, there is the fact that the materials are the finest, and the styles adapted from the latest in New York and London.

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The Meltin' o' the Snow.

"T'S cold th' day," said John McCann,
Upon the road to mass.
The sorra word said Mary Ann,
But stopped to let him pass.
Fur, shure, he was the bold young man
An' she the modest lass.

'Twas not himself that would be balked
So a'sily, an' so
He timed his steps wid hers an' walked
Beside her, through the snow.
But O! she passed upon her way,
So modest and so prim,
'Twas little he could think to say,
An' less she said to him,
But this he said when they were nigh
The little chapel door;
'A colder land, a colder sky,
I have never seen before,
Than this, for all its store of gold,
For all it is so grand,
I never knew the feel o' cold
At home in Ireland;
But here, in these forsaken parts,
The snow, the bitter storm
Creep even into Irish hearts
That should be kind and warm.
O! kind the maidens, Mary Ann,
Who tread the Irish grass
This blessed day!" said John McCann,
Upon the road to mass.

Small heed is where the heart is not,
An' shure, 'tis safe to say
'Twas little that the pastor got
From Mary Ann that day;
No ears had she fur anny word
But just that bold young man's,
An', faix, the only thing she heard
Was when he read the banns
For two true hearts, that soon would be

In happy wedlock one.
Then out she passed an' home went she
Beneath the winter sun,
An' knew before she turned her head
Who was it walked beside.
'Ye heard the banns? Ah, well," he said,

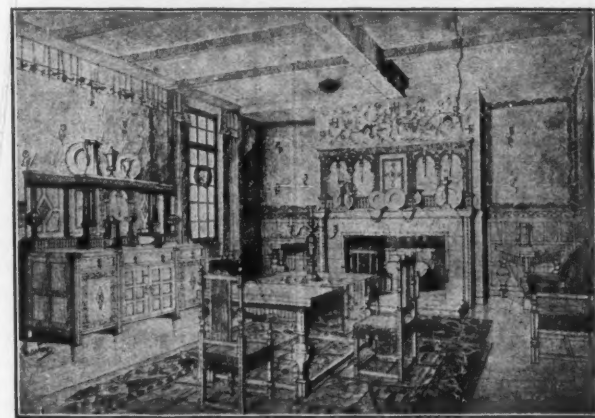
"There's one has found a bride,
Thank God! one Irish heart is sweet,
Though all the one I know
That makes my own lone heart to beat
Is cold an' hard as snow."
"But now 'tis softer, John McCann"—
Ochone! the modest lass!—
"The snow, I mean," blushed Mary Ann,
Upon the road to mass.

O! bells were on the breeze that ran
Along the buddin' grass,
An' spring, on tiptoe, waved her han'.
Th' day to see them pass,
When John and Mary Ann McCann
Came down the road from mass.
—T. A. Daly, in Catholic Standard and Times.

The recital to be given in the Y. M. C. A. concert hall, on the evening of the 16th inst., will be an important society event, quite aside from its undoubted musical importance. The recital will be under the patronage of the Lieut.-Governor and Lady Clark. The patronesses are: Mrs. Vogt, Mrs. Cawthra Mulock, Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Mrs. Nesbitt, Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Mrs. Fraser McDonald, Mrs. Strathy, Mrs. Arthur VanKoughnet, Miss Grace Boulton, Mrs. Hewes Oliphant, Mrs. Forsyth, Mrs. Sam. Nordheimer, Mrs. Arthur Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Geo. Heintzman, Mrs. Geo. Dickson, Mrs. Knox.

He keeps his friends who refuses to amend them.—Life.

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GOOD LENTEN RESOLUTIONS.

It is very noticeable the number of men about town who have sworn off all intoxicating beverages for this Lenten season, and to fill the natural wish for an invigorator felt by these gentlemen nothing is better than clear, sparkling radnor water, fresh from the springs in the foothills of the grand Laurentian Mountains. Order a supply of radnor and you will not feel so keenly the wish for your usual "noggin" of Scotch or rye.

Victoria College held their annual Senior dinner on Friday night of last week. President Falconer presided, and the following toasts were proposed: King and Country, President Falconer; University, Prof. Bain, M. A., L.L.D.; and Principal Hutton, M. A., L.L.D.; Alma Mater, J. E. Brownlee and Rev. N. Burwash, L.L.D.;

Sister Colleges, E. G. Sanders, '08, and Prof. Griffith, B.A.; Graduating Class, H. S. Morrison, '09, and E. H. Ley, '08; Lady Undergraduate, C. M. Wright, '08, and Miss J. F. Baird, '08; College Societies, F. H. Langford, '08, Miss N. Lewis, '08, and C. E. Kenny, '08; College Press, K. H. Smith, '08, and F. S. Albright, '08; Senior Stick and Athletic Stick, A. O. W. Foreman, '08, J. K. Ockley, '09, W. A. McCubbin, '08, and M. A. Muller, '09.

In the space of forty years—from 1861 to 1901—the area of the British Colonies increased by one-half.

He—If you refuse I shall say farewell for ever! She—Oh, please, don't take as long as that!

Men flee to the city for solitude; the village is too sociable.—Life.

Society at the Capital

ALTHOUGH Lent is generally supposed to put a quietus on things social, yet in the Capital it is different on account of Parliament being in session, and in consequence of their being in town so many visitors, who will remain until the warmer weather, or at any rate until the Easter holidays. A certain amount of entertaining is thus made almost necessary during the penitential season. Nothing, of course, in the way of dances takes place, and the "taste and fancy" of the greater number of our hostesses runs to bridge as being appropriate for that season, although teas receive a large share of attention also, and such was the case the first week in Lent this year.

The Minto skating competition, which on Monday evening came off in the Rideau rink, was witnessed by a very large number of interested on-lookers, who expressed great admiration of the gracefully executed intricate figures which the contestants went through. Two Montrealers who came up especially for this event were Miss Ewan and Miss Mudge, who won great praise for their grace and dexterity on the ice, and to the ordinary spectator their skating was equal to the best, but owing to some trivial technicalities included in the rules of the Minto Club they could not receive any of the more important prizes, which went to the Misses Haycock in the ladies' entries. Miss Mudge, however, was presented with the special prize for that lady who never before had entered for one, which was a handsome cup. His Excellency, Lord Grey, the Ladies Sybil and Evelyn Grey, Miss Johnston, who is a guest at Government House, Col. and Mrs. Hanbury Williams and Lord Lascelles, A.D.C., came from Government House to be present at this interesting exhibition, and Lady Evelyn captured one of the junior prizes, her graceful executions of some very difficult figures being much admired. The rink was gayly decorated with flags and bunting, and the usual acceptable hot drinks and dainties were served upstairs in the tea room.

Lady Fitzpatrick entertained at twin receptions, one on Monday for her married friends and the second on Tuesday for the numerous friends of her three charming daughters, Miss Fitzpatrick, Mrs. Alex. Hill (who has now quite recovered from her recent illness and assisted on Monday in pouring tea) and Miss Margaret Fitzpatrick. Lady Fitzpatrick on both occasions was handsomely gowned in black crepe de chine trimmed with jet and Irish lace. Miss Fitzpatrick wore white chiffon with touches of violet Dresden ribbon, while Mrs. Hill and Miss Margaret were both daintily attired in pale blue. The tea-table was charmingly arranged with masses of daffodils and candelabra with pale green shades. On Monday those assisting Mrs. Hill and Mrs. Hecker were Miss Irene Bate and her guest, Miss Evelyn Jarvis, of Galt, Miss Morna Bate, the Misses Isobel and Dorothy White, Miss Anna Oliver, and Miss Gladys Cook, while on the following afternoon Miss Muriel Burrows and Miss Alice Carson took charge of the tea and coffee urns and the same useful group of assistants repeated the pleasant task of supplying the large throng of guests with the daintiest of confections.

Another of Tuesday's teas was Mrs. George H. Perley's, and although given as a farewell to a very popular guest was none the less enjoyable, notwithstanding the tone of regret. About fifty young people assembled to bid Miss Winifred Cowie bon voyage on her intended trip to her home in England, after spending the greater part of the winter in the Capital, where her sweet and charming manner has won her a host of friends. Miss Ethel Perley was very handsome in an imported gown of old rose with black chiffon and touches of gold, and Miss Cowie was much admired in pale pink. Miss Edith Powell and Miss Russell presided at the tea table where pink roses made a lovely decoration. Miss Marjorie Macpherson and Miss Jessie Lee assisted them.

Mrs. John Jacob Astor, of New York, is a guest at Government House, and on Thursday Lady Sybil Grey invited some of the more enthusiastic skaters to Government House rink to meet Mrs. Astor, who is said to be the best lady skater in New York. Miss Ewan and Miss Mudge, of Montreal, were among the number and the skating of the latter was especially admired by the American guest. Later in the afternoon Lady Sybil entertained her guests

at tea in the cosy rink house, and among those who enjoyed this informal little treat were the Misses Haycock, who are exceptionally graceful skaters and carried off so many prizes recently; Miss Burrows, Miss Flossie Fielding, Miss Mary Scott, Miss Elsie Ritchie, Mr. A. Kohl, Mr. Appleton, Mr. Ormond Haycock and Mr. John Thompson.

Two popular sessional visitors, Mrs. Thompson, wife of Mr. Alfred Thompson, M.P., of Dawson, Y.T., and Mrs. A. F. MacLean, wife of the worthy member of Lunenburg, N. S., were the joint hostesses of a most enjoyable bridge party in the mission room at the Cecil Apartments. About thirty guests enjoyed the game and later Mrs. Macdonald, another charming guest who is in town for the session, presided at a tea table bright with crimson tulips.

Miss Dora Ridout, who took part with the Garrison Amateur Dramatic Club, of Toronto, in the recent competition, remained in town for last week with Mrs. H. K. Egan, returning to Toronto on Sunday night. Mrs. Egan, during Miss Ridout's stay in town, entertained in her honor at a bright little tea, and Miss Kathleen Ewart also gave a treat on Wednesday especially for this attractive visitor. Mrs. Septimus Denison, who chaperoned the young people who composed the company Col. Denison brought down for the competition, also remained over in town for a few days with Mrs. J. M. Courtney, and returned to the Queen City on Friday.

Miss Kathleen O'Hara is a much admired visitor in town and is with her brother, Mr. F. C. T. O'Hara and Mrs. O'Hara, of Wilbrod street, for a couple of weeks. Miss O'Hara has recently been in New York and will go to Kingston after her visit in the Capital. Mrs. O'Hara on Friday invited a number of young people to meet her sister-in-law at the tea hour when a very jolly hour was spent. Mrs. Colborne Meredith and Miss Gwen Burn poured tea and chocolate at one of the prettiest tables seen this season, beautified with a wealth of pale pink carnations and the daintiest of china and cut glass. Miss O'Hara, who has a sweet and well trained soprano voice, will sing at the Morning Musical on Thursday next.

Mrs. Fielding was a very energetic hostess of the week, having entertained at an evening reception on Wednesday, a luncheon for young people on Thursday and a large sessional reception on Friday.

THE CHAPERONE.
Ottawa, March 9, 1908.

How Long Can You Stare Without Blinking?

IT'S a droll little game
The small Hollanders play:
"How long can you stare
Without blinking?"

It is always the same,
Be the day gray or gay;
But you never can guess
What they're thinking.

Their steady gaze meets you
On meadow or dune,
By the wharves where the barges
Are bumping.

While unceasingly greets you
The clattering tune
That their stout wooden klumpen
Are clumping.

But day after day
(It seems really a shame),
With their blue-saucer eyes
Never winking.

The small Hollanders play
At this droll little game;
"How long can you stare
Without blinking?"

—Ina M. Boles in New York Tribune.

Parties are seldom any stronger than their existing personnel. A powerful set of principles may for a short time tide a party over an interregnum, in its leadership, but it is seldom in these days in Canada that the difference of parties is sufficient to have much weight; and no set of principles, however magnificent, can hold a group of men in power for years unless those men possess in a personal sense the sympathy and confidence of the majority of the people.—Montreal Herald.

First Nurse (at hospital)—That ballet dancer in the ward with delirium tremens must be rightfully old. Second Nurse—Why? First Nurse—She sees nothing but prehistoric animals.—Harper's Weekly.

"I've never had any great luck," declared the pessimist. "Neither have I," admitted the optimist. "Made my money by hard work and advertising."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Fun with the Burr On.

FROM Mr. Dooley's "Opinions and Observations," published by Hooper & Bros., these remarks are gleaned:

A ditchman is a book that tells ye how many different things th' same wurruud means.

Th' printin'-press isn't wondrousful. What's wondrousful is that annybody shud want it to go on doin' what it does.

Why is England losin' her supremacy, Hinnessy? Because Englishmen get down to their jobs at iliven o'clock figurin' a goluf scoor on their cuffs, an' lave at a quather to twelve on a bicycle.

F'r wan man that goes to a wurruud's fair to see how boots is made, they'se twinty goes to see th' hootchy-kootchy, an' that's where th' wan lands fin'ly.

A valley is a retired English gentleman hired by millyonaires who ar-re goin' into bankruptcy to wear their clothes. Naked a millyonaire comes into th' wurruud, an' naked his valley laves him.

The las' man that makes a joke owns it. That's why me frind, Chanecy Depoo, is such a humorist.

In th' course iv his thrainin' a lawyer larns enough about ivrything to make a good front on anny subject to annybody who doesn't know annything about it.

Histry is a post-mortem examination. It tells ye what a country died iv. But I'd like to know what it lived iv.

They'se wan thing about th' supreme court, if ye lave annything to thim, ye lave it to thim. Ye don't get a check that entitles ye to call fr it in an hour.

They used to tell me that Napoleon Bonyparte was a champeen chess player, but he was on'y good because anybody that bate him might as well go down an' be measured fr his ball an' chain.

If th' Christyan Scientists had some science an' th' doctors more Christyanity, it wudden't make anny difference which ye called in—if ye had a good nurse.

An athlete is a man that is not strong enough fr wurruk.

"Can a man marry on twinty-five dollars?" asked Mr. Hennessy. "He can if he can get th' money," said Mr. Dooley.

A married man can always find wurruk to do. He's got to.

Onwee, which is th' same thing as ingrowin' money.

They'se nawthin' so hard as mindin' ye'er own business, an' an iditor niver has to do that.

I don't think we injye other people's sufferin', Hinnessy. It isn't acshally injyement. But we feel fr it.

Th' autumobil season has opened, an' wan iv th' delights iv th' summer colony is to go out iv an evenin' an' see th' farmers iv th' neighborhood pluckin' their horses fr'm th' top branches iv threes.

Manny men lie because they like conversation, an' they feel they can't impress th' man they're talkin' with without pilin' it on.

If ye don't use wan iv ye'er limbs fr a year or so ye can niver use it again. So it is with gin'rosity.

They'se as many dimmycrats out iv th' party as there are in.

Vice is a creature of such heejous mien that th' more ye see it th' better ye like it.

What's wan man's news is another man's troubles.

No matter how bad a painter he is, anny wan that can get money out iv an American millyonaire is an artist an' deserves it.

PROFESSOR MAX MULLER has made it clear to us that for the real refinements of civilization we must go back to ancient Egypt. What a pity (says The Argonaut) that so much of this venerable wisdom has been lost. What would we not now give for that cunning medicine, odorless and tasteless, that caused the hair to drop out, produced baldness where once were luxurious tresses? Truly we are a decadent people, and brutality has taken the place of a delicate science. There is now only one way to remove the hair from the head of a rival, and society does not smile upon it except under great provocation.

Of course, there were hair restorers as well as hair destroyers in the land of Khem. The fat of a black serpent was highly esteemed and the ground hoof of a donkey boiled in oil was much in favor. Some of the Egyptian ladies pinned their faith to a mixture of roast dog's foot and date stones, while the blood of a black ox boiled with oil was much recommended. Perhaps some of these things might be worth trying as a dernier ressort, and no doubt any drug store would oblige by filling the prescription. It seems a pity to neglect a possibility.

But in some respects the society customs of Egypt were very similar to our own. Ladies of real preten-

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THE Spring Opening commencing Monday will very fittingly commemorate the welcome arrival of Spring—the Store will be bedecked in her gayest, and the spirit of the changing season will not only be exemplified by the gaiety of the beautiful decorations, but newness will permeate the entire store, and every department of it.

Fashions—quiet and gay, reserved or frivolous—everything in new styles, will be at perfection Monday. Things practical in new furnishings, participate too; indeed the whole stocks—rejuvenated from Winter to Spring—will be displayed for your enjoyment.

In the forefront is the

Exposition of New Millinery Modes

What would you know of fashion? Would you know of the success of the big hat; the victory of its opposite, the small hat; or the excellence of its go-between the hat of medium size? The opening will charmingly elucidate your problems. Modistes of Paris—the most exclusive—have permitted the style creators to claim the vogue for their own particular inspirations, but they are all so very beautiful, and the victory is neither with one or the other.

You may examine the models from Paris and from London and the newest of all the new Eaton hats—and the showing of Spring Flowers, Feathers, Ostrich Plumes and the many other trimmings will also guide you aright.

The whole exposition is authentic, exclusive, beautiful. To the woman of taste it presents an hour or so of supreme enjoyment. We extend you a cordial invitation.

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Out of Shape

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THE ELLIS MFG. CO. LIMITED, HAMILTON, ONT.

sion dressed in garments so diaphanous that their bodies "shimmered through" the texture. That must have been just as pleasing then as it is now, although the onward march of civilization has taught us that some of these garments may be dispensed with altogether. Then, too, the Egyptians worshipped a god of cosmetics just as we do to-day. They painted their eyes, and they believed firmly in the beautifying effect of smoke from a brazier that was allowed to envelop the body. The smoke, they said, gave them a pleasing odor, and of course this is a matter of taste. Some people prefer patchouli. The fashions in dress were constantly changing. Sometimes long skirts were correct and these gave place to kilts. Sometimes the sleeves covered the arms and sometimes the arms were left bare. Now the modern woman has never yet tried kilts, and the suggestion may be thrown out as a pleasing novelty. Perhaps the professor could tell us something more about it.

Crowned or uncrowned, a king of necessity there must be; and if society were to start at scratch tomorrow morning, a king it would have by to-morrow evening.—Pall Mall Gazette.

February, the shortest month of the year, usually has more weather than any other two.—Hamilton Herald.

Cor Cordium.

DEEP in my heart I shut one thought of you,
Deeper than Love may look,
As one who lays a June-red rose between
The pages of a book.

Of old and lovely legends read no more

For memory and pain,
Yet knows the whiteness of one page must bear
A sweetness and a stain.

—Smart Set.

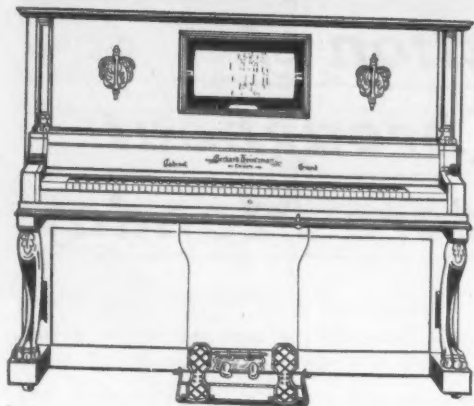
MISS IDA TARBELL seems to suppose that the recent financial trouble was due to women. It is natural that she should think so, as the time-honored maxim of "cherchez la femme" loses none of its force as the world gets older. She says that the idea of the American woman is "to get all she can and to spend it as she happens to." She usually spends a little more than she gets and then when the pinch comes she finds herself confronted with bills and with clamorous demands for their payment.

Women (comments The Argonaut, of San Francisco) have unfairly acquired a reputation for economy and for no better reason than their love of bargaining. But the woman who makes a bargain is proud, not of having saved money, but of having bested an opponent. And it is curious to

note the difference between men and women in the matter of bargains. A man who bought a fifty-dollar overcoat for \$40 would be rather ashamed of the transaction and would certainly not boast of it. But a woman would think it a most meritorious performance and one to be proclaimed from the housetops. She will buy a thing that she does not in the least need if she thinks that she can get it below the market value, and her pride is in the successful play of diplomatic talents that she has acquired through ages of opposition to brute strength. Miss Tarbell seems to think that financial disturbance begins at the base of the social pyramid and not at its apex, and that this has been true of all previous disturbances. Credit is universally strained by the daughters and wives of the people until finally there is a necessary and unsuccessful demand for the settlement of bills, and so the mischief spreads upward until the big financial centres are involved. Miss Tarbell does not seem to advocate any particular law to remedy the evils of feminine extravagance and this is strange because women seldom have any other ideas of reform than passing a law, which never reformed anything and never will. But then Miss Tarbell is an exceptional woman.

"Is your wife of the same opinion still?" "She is of the same opinion, but not still."—Smart Set.

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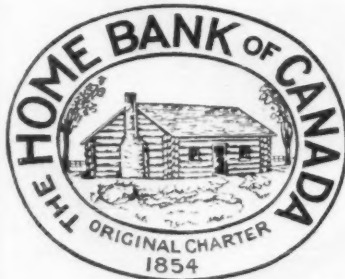
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March.

NOW comes the month of slush
And mush,
When rubber-trees in bloom
Relieve the gloom,
And dreary swash
Of winter with the ripe golosh.
The ice-cased country-side
Becomes a surging tide
Of rushing mud-rills
From the hills,
In onward forging to the amorous sea,
Their bridegroom soon to be.
In town the highways seem,
Each one, a broad torrential stream
That give us hints of the delights
Of dark Venetian nights.
The taximeter with its paddle-wheels
Along the foaming billows spels,
And splashes water upward to the sky
To later fall upon the passers-by
Like summer rain,
And brings us dreams again
Of lovely June—O great and frubious
time!
Where is the pen 'mongst all the men
Of rhyme
Fit to embalm in song thy flow and
ebb,
O rare, pneumonial month of Feb?
—Wilberforce Jenkins in Harper's
Weekly.

The growing popularity of Edward MacDowell's music is attested by the fact that of his delightful collection of short pieces for piano entitled "Woodland Sketches" more than

100,000 copies have been sold. In an article printed in the leading German musical periodical, *Die Musik* (Berlin), H. Richter Austin, of Leipzig refers to this collection and the "New England Idyls," "Sea Pieces," etc., as proving that MacDowell became the greatest nature poet of the romanticists. "His four great sonatas, the 'Keltic,' 'Norse,' 'Tragic,' and 'Heroic,' also take us outdoors, into the heart of nature." "MacDowell," the writer adds, "is pre-eminently the pride and the boast of the young, mighty, and struggling American people; but to us Germans he ought to be no less dear, for he embodies a good part of our race, too. His music is purely Germanic in its lyric contemplativeness (Versonnenheit) and healthy strength; it is Germanic, above all, in its wonderful Naturpoesie."

Mrs. Houlihan (sobbing)—I never saw ye till th' day before me unforchnit marriage. Mr. Houlihan—An' I often wisht ye hadn't seen me till th' day after!—Puck.

Karr—What makes you think that you are going to succeed in business? Bagster—Because my partner has \$500,000.—Somerville Journal.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what is a football coach? Pa—It must be another name for an ambulance, my son. —Chicago News.

A Forgotten Northern Fortress

One of the Most Interesting
Stories in the Annals of the
Hudson's Bay Company.

THE annals of the Hudson's Bay Company, full as they are of tales of exciting adventure, contain no more interesting story than that which is embodied in the history of old Fort Prince of Wales which lies upon the western shore of Hudson's Bay at the entrance to Churchill Harbor. The story is told as follows by Alfred H. Bailey in *The Bellman*:

It was for this fort that Samuel Hearne, who was its governor for many years, set out on various exploratory expeditions which resulted in important discoveries in the Arctic regions. Hearne was one of the most adventurous spirits that ever entered the service of the Hudson's Bay Company. His journals are filled with stories of journeys and adventures in the far northern parts of this continent. In one of these he tells of his discovery of the mouth of the Coppermine river and a massacre of Esquimaux, which was the price he had to pay to get the necessary party of Indians to go with him.

Having received orders while governor of the fort to make this trip into the Arctic regions, he found it impossible to persuade his Indians to go until it was accidentally mentioned that they would visit the region of the Esquimaux. Immediately the Indians manifested a new interest in the project. These dusky warriors of the north had always been implacable enemies of the harmless Esquimaux and took a keen delight in murdering them whenever the chance offered. Whole villages would sometimes be wiped out without mercy. Hearne's Indians were ready enough to go with him when they knew that there was some prospect of this sort of sport. He tells how after a summer's work in the Arctic regions, during which the important fur resources of the Coppermine country were investigated and the mouth of that river visited, the Indians at length came upon what they had been looking for—an Esquimaux village. Care was taken not to let these know that the enemies were near, else their dread of Indians would have caused an immediate flight of the whole population.

At night preparations were made for the expected sport. All the white man's protests fell upon deaf ears and after the village had been surrounded the slaughter commenced. Surprised while sleeping, the victims had not the slightest show against their murderous foes. Men, women and children were mingled in one indiscriminate slaughter. Fleeing naked, or nearly so, from their huts the Esquimaux were mercilessly speared to death as they ran. One young girl who threw herself at Hearne's feet and for whom he pleaded hard was speared while lying on the ground and she clung screaming to his knees while her slayers time and again thrust their weapons through her body. She died with her arms inextricably wound around the knees of one who would, if he could, have saved her. In a little while the savage work was over and not one of the Esquimaux escaped to carry the news to their companions. The Indians returned to their tents well pleased with the night's performance and after their return to Fort Prince of Wales recited the story to companions there with every sign of satisfaction.

The treaty of Utrecht in 1713, which ended a long and bitter war between France and England, had amongst its subsidiary effects the establishment of peace amongst the rival forces which had been contending for the fur trade of this continent and left the English traders of the far north free to pursue for sixty years the development of their lucrative business with the Indians around the Hudson's Bay. No sooner had the sound of the guns of that intrepid French sailor d'Iberville died away than the Company of Adventurers Trading into Hudson's Bay began actively to exploit King Charles's license of possession.

Churchill Harbor was then the favorite harbor of the English seamen who visited Hudson's Bay. It furnished the only good anchorage upon the western shore. The memory of burning forts and looted storehouses was vivid in the minds of the English traders, and they determined to erect here a fortress which should be able to withstand the strongest assaults and give protection to all vessels sheltered within the bay. In 1733 military engineers were brought out from England to plan the proposed fortress. A site was chosen on a rocky promon-

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50 in Cedar Boxes... \$1.50
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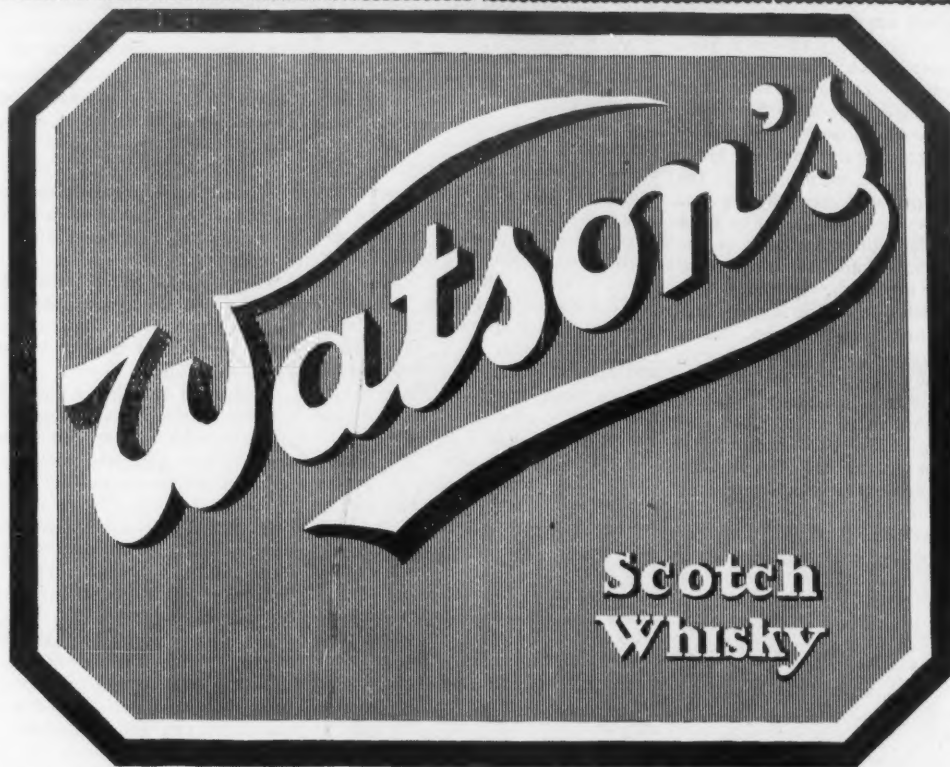
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tory which commands the entrance to the harbor. The plan adopted took the form of a square, each side being three hundred feet in length. There was a massive bastion at each corner. The foundations were made thirty feet in thickness and the walls had a width of twenty-five feet at the top. Three of the bastions had arches for storehouses 40x10 feet in dimension, and the fourth a magazine 24x10. This magazine connected with the other parts of the fort by covered ways. The faces of the walls were of hammer-dressed granite and the masonry was done by skilled English artisans brought out for the purpose. Within the square of the fort strong stone store-houses were built, each of which contained at times furs sufficient to pay a king's ransom. Residences were also built and everything made as nearly fireproof as possible. Forty-two cannons of the heaviest calibre known in those days furnished the armament of the fort and huge stores of ammunition and food were assembled and kept on hand against the day of siege.

The Indians who inhabited those regions gazed in wonder and admiration at those marvellous doings of the pale-faced invader of their domain and the fame of the great fort spread to the farthest corners of the North and West.

Sixty years of peace had its inevitable effect upon the watchfulness of the Hudson's Bay Company. When the disastrous wars of the reign of George III. broke out the defences of Fort Prince of Wales were in a neglected condition. The officials at the fort had not the slightest hint of those events whereby the obstinacy of the English king provoked a rebellion of his American colonies and drew all Europe into a coalition to crush him. France, with bitter memories of past defeats, was ready enough to renew the struggle in the hope of completing the work begun by the American revolutionists of driving the English from this continent.

The rich booty to be had from a raid upon the Hudson's Bay Company's posts was too tempting to be neglected, and when, on the 8th of August, 1782, the thirty-nine defenders of Fort Prince of Wales saw the belling sails of three French men-of-war approaching their stronghold they were not long in discovering that this was no peaceful argosy which came to greet them greeting. On the

evening of that day the watchers on the walls saw pinnace, gig and long-boat busy making soundings in the bay and later a landing party of four hundred men encamped upon the shores out of reach of the fort's guns. On the morning of the ninth the French Admiral, La Perouse, gave the order for attack, but before any shots had been fired the Hudson Bay people signified their willingness to surrender and so a bloodless victory over this great stronghold was obtained.

The French looted the fort thoroughly and spent two whole days and much of the captured powder in trying to blow it up. Their gunners also had some excellent practice at the walls. When they sailed away the fort was still standing as strongly as ever and the worst that the invaders had been able to do was to displace the guns and a few layers of granite stones from the top of the walls. Some damage had also been done to the gates in the bastions. Had it been properly manned and defended this fort was strong enough to have defied all the ships of war France had afloat at that time.

The conclusion of the war brought a bill from the governors of the Hudson's Bay Company to the British government for failure to protect the fort, and as France was the suppliant for peace she had to pay this bill in full as part of the terms of settlement.

Fort Prince of Wales was never restored to its former place in the organization of the Hudson's Bay Company's forces. No attempt was made to replace the stones on the broken walls or to mount its guns again. The fort stands there to-day just as Perouse left it when he sailed away in 1782. The walls are as sound as ever and the dismantled guns lie scattered about the interior. Hardly less strong than Quebec, its design and armament perfect, this stronghold might still stand the fiercest siege operations. But it is interesting only as a relic of a day that is long gone by, the day of the Old Regime.

Beverly, (Ont.), has long been noted for its Khan, one of the most original of Canada's sons, for men of great intellectual ability, for the World's Fair, for rock and swamp, and good agricultural soil, but now its long concealed oil harvest is soon to be reaped.—Dundas Banner.

Water-Sprites.

OVER the hill-slopes and down through the hollows
The silver-clad water-sprites rally
and run;
As fleet are their feet as the wings of the swallows,
And whither they fare there's a gladness that follows
As fresh and as bright and as blithe as the sun.

And lo! at their touch there awakens,
there kindles,
A subtle, pervasive, unnamable thing!
The blight upon beauty, like darkness it dwindle,
For the workers of wonders are whirling their spindles,
And fingers are lithe on the loom of the Spring.

—Clinton Scollard in *The Smart Set*.

"There have been times," said the actor manager, "when I have shed real tears." "Ah, when you have been in great sympathy with the part you were playing," suggested the matinee girl. "No, when I have had my own money in the show," replied the actor manager, with a tinge of sad remembrance in his tone.—Philadelphia Record.

"Now then, children," said the teacher, "what is it we want most in this world to make us perfectly happy?" "De things we ain't got!" shouted the bright boy in the back seat.—Philadelphia Press.

"Did your husband get any encouragement at the races?" "Yes," answered young Mrs. Torkins. "One of the bookmakers called him 'old sport' and told him he was a good loser."—Washington Star.

Dennis—Goin' t' spend th' wake-end at Calahan's, are yez? An' phwat do yez cal th' wake-end? Terence—Shure, that's Saturday night from th' toime yez draw yure pay till th' saloons close.—Judge.

"He's talking now of becoming an actor." "Why, he hasn't any qualifications, has he?" "Oh, yes, a friend of his died recently and left him a fur-lined overcoat and high hat."—Philadelphia Press.

It has been said that the absolutely respectable and well-behaved man has usually something in his atmosphere which recalls a bad style of prose in literature.